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The HELPER

*in
Sacred Song*

FOR

Sunday Schools, Church and Devotional
Services.

BY

GEO. C. HUGG.

AND

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

PHILADELPHIA:

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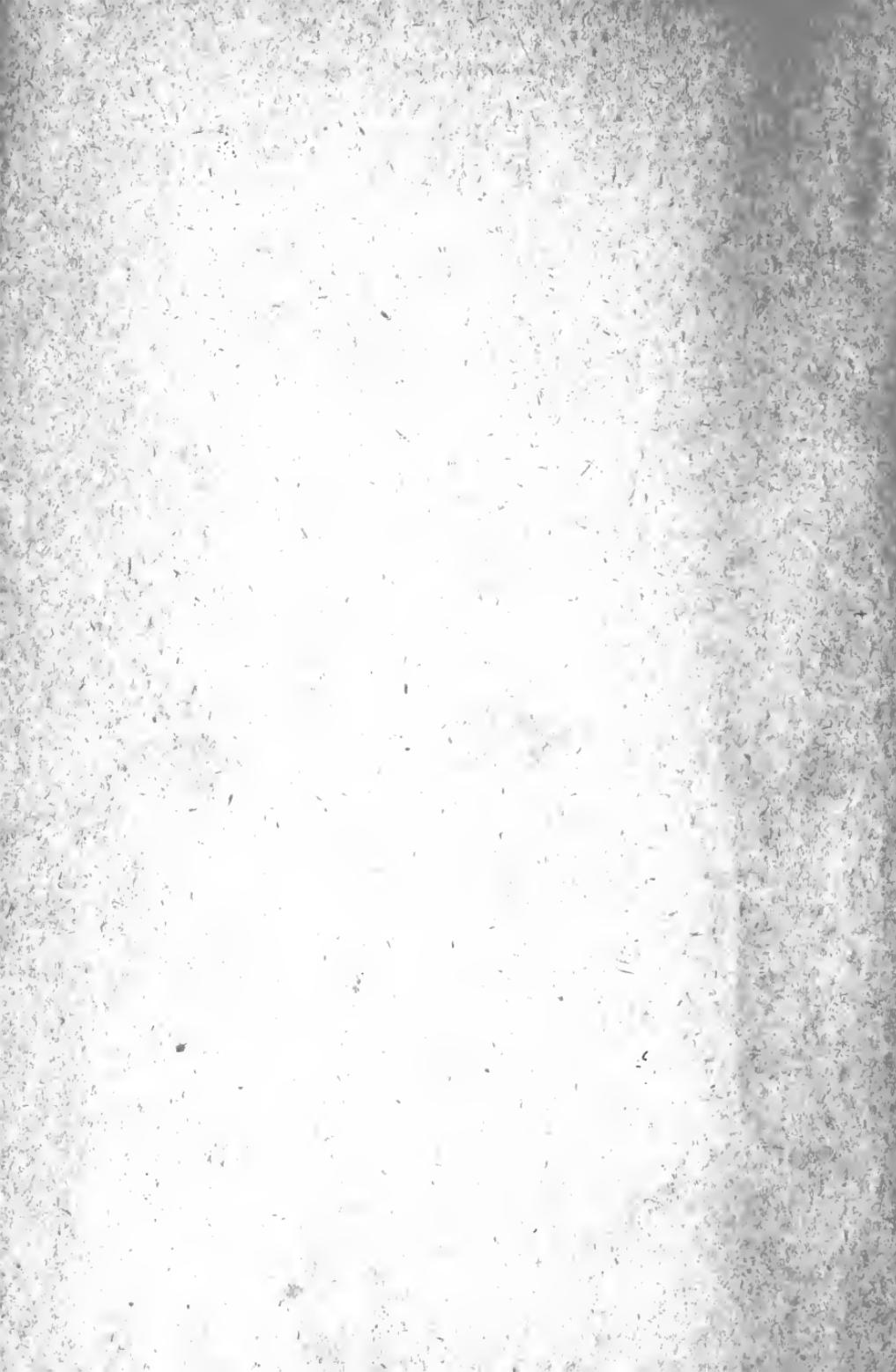
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✓
Sam W. Moore.



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PREFACE.

NEXT to the divine truth, what more powerful medium exists for inspiring the soul of the saint or for softening the heart of the impenitent than the harmonious influences of sacred song?

As the babbling brook, crystal and pure, flows ceaselessly on in an uninterrupted cadence of natural melody, now through some hidden dell impenetrable to the dazzling rays of the sun, anon through some valley resplendent in its soft verdure, or, roughly broken over some stony bed or waterfall, to be once more united to wander on in its joyous unison, so we trust the tuneful melodies and words of heavenly aspiration embodied in **THE HELPER** will peacefully flow in an unbroken stream through the lives not only of those strong in the Redeemer's faith and whose paths are undisturbed, but send a ray of light to those in the darksome places, to strengthen the faltering step, to cheer the smitten and afflicted, and to make plainer the path of righteousness to the tempted and tried.

May the myriad voices of youth and age combine in raising these melodies in one triumphant chorus of praise and supplication to our heavenly King.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE HELPER.

HOUR OF PRAISE.

Arr. by G. C. H.
Duet.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. How sweet the hour when man retires To hold communion with his God,
2. It is the hour when God draws nigh, Well pleas'd His people's voice to hear,

Organ.

To send to heav'n his warm desires, And list - en to the sa-cred word.
To hush the pen- e - ten-tial sigh, And wipe a- way the falling tear.

Chorus.

Ritard.

HOME, ALL BEAUTIFUL.

A. ARUNDEL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1 Beau - ti - ful coun - - - try! land of light! Beau - ti - ful
 2 Beau - ti - ful man - - - sions built a - bove! Beau - ti - ful
 3 Beau - ti - ful cit - - - y, fair and grand! Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful conn - try!
 Beau - ti - ful man - sions
 Beau - ti - ful cit - - y

shores . . . all golden bright! Beau - ti - ful trees of
 home . . . of peace and love! Beau - ti - ful all who
 ev - - - - er-blooming land! Beau - ti - ful streets of

Beau - ti - ful shores Beau - ti - ful trees
 Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful all
 Beau - ti - ful ev - er Beau - ti - ful streets

fadeless green! Beau - ti - ful flow'rs that grow be - tween!
 en - ter there! Beau - ti - ful are the robes they wear!
 golden pave! Beau - ti - ful sea of glass - y wave!
 Beau - ti - ful flow'rs
 Beau - ti - ful are
 Beau - ti - ful sea

Beau - ti - ful lights a - long the shore! Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful strains of sweet - est song! Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white! Beau - ti - ful

HOME, ALL BEAUTIFUL.—Concluded.

5

faith that bears us o'er! Beau-ti-ful scenes . . . that
all the ran-som'd throng! Beau-ti-ful an - - - gels
E - - - den! God its light! Beau-ti-ful harps . . . of

Beau-ti-ful scenes

Beau-ti-ful an -

Beau-ti-ful harps

ne'er grow old! . . . Beau - ti - ful pleas - - - - ures
clothed in white! Beau - ti - ful realms of
gold - en tone! Beau - ti - ful our E -

Beau - ti - ful pleas -

Beau - ti - ful realms

Beau - ti - ful our

yet un - told! Beau - ti - ful scenes that ne'er grow
pure de - light! Beau - ti - ful an - - - gels clothed in
- ter - nal Home! Beau - ti - ful harps of gold - en

old, Beau - ti - ful pleas - ures yet un - told!
white! Beau - ti - ful realms of pure de - light!
tone! Beau - ti - ful our E - - ter - nal Home!

THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Grandly.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 There is a land im-mor-tal, The beau-ti - ful of lands; . . .
 2 That glorious land is Heav-en, And Death the sen - try grim: . . .
 3 Though dark and drear the pas-sage That leadeth to the gate, . . .
 4 Their sighs are lost in sing-ing; They're blessed in their tears; . . .

Be - side its an-cient por - tal A sen - try grim - ly stands.
 The Lord thereof has giv - en The open - ing keys to him;
 Yet grace attends the mes - sage To souls that watch and wait;
 Their jour-ney heav'ward winging, They leave on earth their fears.

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door; . . .
 And ran-som'd spir - its, sigh-ing And sor - row - ful for sin, . . .
 And at the time appoint-ed A mes - sen - ger comes down, . . .
 Death like an an - gel seeming, "We welcome thee!" they cry: . . .

And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
 Pass through the gate in dy - ing, And free - ly en - ter in.
 And guides the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 Their face with glo - ry gleam - ing, 'Tis life for them to die.

GIVE THANKS.

7

Dr. MUHLENBURG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

With spirit.

1 Give thanks all ye peo- ple, give thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of
2 For sunshine and rain-fall, en - rich-ing a - gain Our broad a - eres in
3 In domes of Mes-si - ah, Ye worship-ing throngs, Sol-emn lit - an - ies

freedom with joy - ful ac - cord: Let the East and the West, North and
myriads with treasures of grain; For the earth still un - load - ing her
min - gle with ju - bi - lant songs; With the Ru - ler of na - tions be -

South roll a - long, Sea and mountain and prair-ie, one thanks-giving song.
man - i - fold wealth, For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health.
seech - ing to spare, And our Un - ion to keep, the e - lect of his care.

Chorus.

Give thanks all ye peo- ple, give thanks to the Lord, Give thanks all ye
people, give thanks to the Lord: Allelu - ias of freedom with joyful ac - cord.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Dr. ARTHUR S. HOLLOWAY.

Of Je - sus and his glo - - ry, Of Je - sus and his love!
 Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the Sto - ry Be - cause I know it's true;
 I love to tell the Sto - ry; It did so much for me!
 I love to tell the Sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,

It sat - is - lies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 'Twill be - the OLD, OLD STO - RY That I have loved so long.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—Concluded. 9

CHORUS.

C. MALAN.

IT IS NOT DYING.

M. MOSES.

3

No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of the Lord.

4

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know,
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5

No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

6

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind :
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here drops alone we find.

ANNIVERSARY CHORAL.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Through the changing sea - sons Of the changing year, With its light and
2. Records past and pres - ent We may now sur - vey, At this pleasant
3. From this fes - tal ser - vice To our work a - new, With a quickened

shad - ow With its hope and fear; Through each glad ful - fil - ment
 mile - stone In life's on - ward way :— Knowledge claims new pow - er,
 pur - pose Hearts both strong and true :— Fath - er, lead Thy forc - es,

And each sad de -feat, We have safely journeyed And again we meet,
 Truth her might ex - tends, 'And the Master know- eth New and loyal friends.
 One, u - ni - ted band— Ev- er on to conquest 'Neath their King's command.

CHORUS, *in unison.*

God hath kind - ly led us Through this chang - ing year,

By His guid - ing prov - i - dence We as - sem - ble here.

AT THE DOOR OF MERCY SIGHING. 11

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

J. L. FIELD.



1 At the door of mer - cy sigh-ing With the bur - den of my sin,
 2 I have sought to earn Thy fa-vour. Car-ing not for toil or cost,
 3 Hark! what sounds mine ear receiveth, Sweet as songs of seraph-im!
 4 I knew not of Je - sus' kindness! I knew not of Jesus' grace!



Day and night my soul is cry-ing, "O - pen, Lord, and let me in."
 Yet I find not Him my Saviour, He who came to seek the lost.
 "He that in the Lord be-lieveth Life e - ter - nal hath in Him.
 O the black-ness of the blindness That could not be - hold His face!



Wait-ing 'mid the darkness dreary, Stretching out my hands to Thee,
 Bless-ed Mas - ter! in Thy pit - y Teach me what I ought to do,
 At the out - er door why stay-ing? Noth-ing, soul! hast thou to pay:
 I saw not the door was o - pen, Nor my Lord in - vite me in:



In the ref - uge for the wea-ry Is there not a place for me?
 So that in the ho - ly cit - y I may gain an entrance too."
 Christ in love to thee is say-ing, Wea - ry child, come in to-day.
 Grace is mine beyond my hoping, Mer - cy might -ier than my sin.

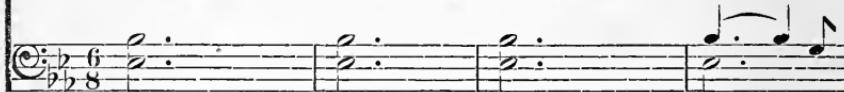


ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voices in Unison.

1. On-ward, ev - er on - ward, Journeying o'er the road,
 2. High-er then and high - er Bear the ransomed soul,



Won by saints be - fore us, Press-ing on to God ;
 Earth-ly toils for - got - ten, Sav- iour, to its goal ;



Leav - ing all be - hind us, May we has- ten on,
 When in joys un-thought of Saints with an - gels sing,





Backward nev - er look - ing Till the prize is won.
Nev - er wea - ry rais - ing, Prais - es to their King.



f Chorus.



On- ward, ev - er on - ward, Press-ing on the road,



f

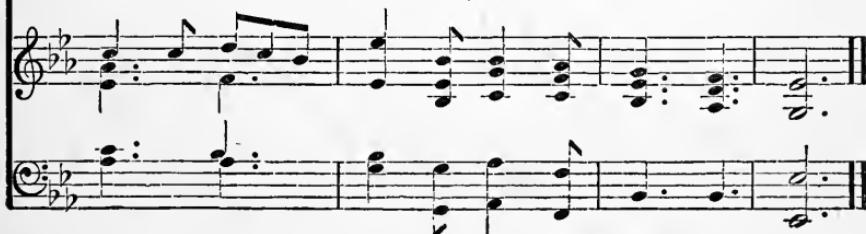
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Ped.

P.



Won by saints be - fore us, March-ing home to God.



THE MASTER IS WATCHING.

MARY A. MCKEE,

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A storm was out . . . on fair Ju-de-a's hills,

1. A storm was out, was out on fair Ju-de-a's hills.

The clouds were dark up - on the troubled sea,

The clouds were dark, were dark upon the troubled sea.

The toil-ing fish - - ermen with i-ron wills,

The toil-ing fish-ermen with wills, with i-ron wills,

Strove with the wind - swept waves of Gal-i-lee.

Strove with the waves of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

Yet One was watch-ing, though they knew it not, And One was

THE MASTER IS WATCHING.—Concluded. 15

wait-ing that they could not see; They were not darker in their lonely
lot, They were not blind - er than at times are we.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the sandy beach,
 Oh! blessed hands, so willing still to save,
 No toiling one can drift beyond thy reach,
 No trusting one will sink beneath the wave.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the beach, the sandy beach,
 Oh! blessed, blessed hands, so willing still to save,
 No toiling one can drift, can drift beyond thy reach,
 No trusting one will sink, will sink beneath the wave.

3 The angry billows knew their Master first,
 And bore his weight upon their foamy crest;
 Is Nature keener, or is man the worst,
 That they were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest?

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

3 The angry billows knew him first, their Master first,
 And bore his weight upon their crest, their foamy crest;
 Is Nature keener, or is man, is man the worst,
 That they were slow, were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest.

4 No ship can sink when he is at the helm,
 No craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
 No sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
 When he who forms the waves is at our side.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

4 No ship, no ship can sink while he is at the helm,
 No craft, no craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
 No sea, no sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
 When he, when he who forms the waves is at our side.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

*Voices in unison.
With vigor and spirit.*

Words and Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Christmas bells are gai- ly ring-ing O'er the land tri-umph-ant - ly,
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid- ing Watchin'g o'er their flocks by night,
3. And thro' all the list'ning a - ges, Comes to us the same re- frain,

Children's voi- ces glad- ly sing-ing, 'Tis our joy- ous ju - bi - lee.
Saw a glorious heavenly vis- ion Saw a star, so wondrous bright
As it came to ancient shepherds Watching thereon Bethlehem's plain.

Now the wait-ing world re - joic - es That her promised Christ is born,
Heard a choir of an - gels sing-ing, Peace on earth, good-will to man
Christ is born the great A - noin - ted, Born to save a world from sin,

In a sta - ble, in a man - ger, On this ho - ly Christmas morn.
Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry Christ is born at Beth - le - hem.
Born that we might live for - ev - er And at heav'n's gate enter in.

CHORUS. *Voices in harmony.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glory be to God on high. A - men.

Ped.

SINNER, TURN.

17

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Earnestly.

- 1 Sin - ner, stop! re - bel no more 'Gainst your Father's love and pow'r;
- 2 Care - less sin - ner, stop and hear! Je - sus calls you: He is near,
- 3 Sin - ner, tho' your sins are great, Com - ing now, 'tis not too late:
- 4 Then for - sake your sins to - day; Seek the Sav - iour while you may;



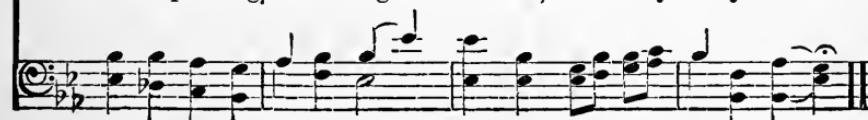
Hear his kind and gra - cious cry: "Sin - ner, turn! why will ye die?"
Wait - ing to re - ceive,—for - give; Call - ing, "Come to me and live."
God is love: no more de - spair: Par - don free a - waits your prayer.
For your soul His life He gave: Come to Je - sus: He will save.

**Chorus.**

Sin - ner, turn! O sin - ner, turn! God's great gift no long - er spurn;



Hear Him pleading, now so nigh: "Sin - ner, turn! why will ye die?"



CHILDREN'S DAY.

Joyfully.

1. { Hith-er we has - ten so joy - ful and hap-py, Cheer- ful our hearts for no
 Blessings from heaven are showered up-on us, (*Omit*).

CHO. { Once more we hail thee this sweet day of flowers, Hap - py our hearts for no
 How could we feel aught but thankful and happy, (*Omit*)

2 FINE.

clouds dim our way, Glad are our songs on this beau - ti-ful day.

clouds dim our way, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah this glad Children's Day. }

Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly voi - cesare blending, Sing - ing the praise of our

How could we feel aught but thankful and happy, (*Omit*)

Sav - iour al - way, While we're en - joy - ing this glad Children's Day. }

Chorus. D.C.

2
 Come, children now while the dew's on the flowers,
 Let not the tempests darken your way;
 Gird on the armor and waste not the hours,
 Storm-clouds may threaten and tempt the delay;
 But when 'tis over the skies how they'll brighten
 And in the distance our Lord you shall see,
 He who's above thee, forever will love thee,
 And He will make thy soul happy and free.

3
 Let us then scatter sweet flowers in profusion,
 This day of all is the one we love best,
 And let us feel that the Earth's no delusion,
 And when life closes, in Heav'n there is rest;
 So that when Jesus shall make up his jewels
 We'll not be found with a burden of leaves,
 But when we're done and have finished the sowing,
 Let us take home to Him bountiful sheaves.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

19

Rev. H. BONAR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morn-ing, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an - oth - er suc-ceed me, Reap-ing the fields I in
 3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo-ken, On - ly the seed that on
 4. Oh! when the Saviour shall make up His jew-els, When the bright crowns of re -

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,
 earth I have sown, These shall pass on - ward when I am for-got - ten,
 - joic - ing are won, Then will His faith - ful and wea - ry di - ci - ples,

CHORUS.

On - ly re-member'd by what I have done.
 On - ly re-member'd by what he has done. } On - ly re-member'd,
 Fruits of the har-vest, and what I have done. } All be re-member'd by what they have done.

Rit.....

On - ly re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd by what I have done.

A SUMMER SONG.

ADAM GEIBEL.

CHORUS.

Lively.

Wel - come hap - py sum - mer, you are wel - come here,

God hath safe - ly brought you through a - noth - er year;

Voices in Unison.

Flow'rs a - gain are bloom - ing, birds do sweet - ly sing,

Voices in parts.

Na - ture chants its prais - es to our heav'n - ly King.

FINE.

SEMI-CHORUS of Girls.

Slower.

1. God hath made the flow - ers, beau - ti - ful and fair,
 2. Let us then be thank - ful on this fes - tive day,

How they fill with fra - grance all the sum - mer air;
 Je - sus, Thou dost lead us ev - er on our way;

God hath made the sun - shine, and the rain drops too,
 As Thy love hath brought us through the year that's past,

D. C. CHORUS.

God hath blest His chil - dren all the a - ges through.
 Sav - iour bring Thy chil - dren to Thy home at last.

STRONG TO REDEEM.

H. L. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Strong to re-deem is the Lord who hath made me,
 2 He from the depths heard the voice of my call - ing;
 3 Safe on the Rock He hath found - ed my go - ings;
 4 Ma - ny shall see where the Sav - iour hath brought me,

Might - y to save is the cru - ci - fied One; He by His love free-ly
 Saw my distress in the pit and the clay; Pit - ied my sor - rows, and
 Fixed the founda - tion im-mu - ta - bly strong, Wakened my spirit to
 Res - cued by grace and renewed by His word; Many shall hear of the
 giv'n hath redeem'd me, Tell, oh, my soul, what great things He hath done.
 an - swered my pleadings, Lift - ed me up to the glo - ry of day.
 thank - ful out - pour - ings, O - pened my lips to the rap - ture of song.
 blood that hath bought me; Ma - ny shall love, and shall trust in the Lord.

CHORUS. *With great power.*

Strong to redeem, strong to redeem, Might - y to save is the

rit.

Cru - ci - fied One; Tell, oh! my soul, what great things He hath done.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

23

Moderato.

Arr. by F. L. A.

1 Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
3 Rest comes at length, though life be long and drear - y, The day must
4 Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are.
souls, for Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech - oes gen - tly
dawn, and darksome night be past; All jour - neys end in welcomes to the
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly

tell - ing, Of that new life, where sin shall be no more.
ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
wea - ry, And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1 Oh, some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2 Oh, some-times how long seems the day, And sometimes how heav-y my feet;
 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless-ings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul.
 But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad - ow, how sweet!
 Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

Chorus.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is high - er than I: O, then, to the
 is high - er than I,

is high - er than I,

Rock let me fly let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

THE SYCAMORE BOUGH.

25

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



1 Up - on an an - cient syc - a - more A stur - dy bough there grew,
2 Thus with vain man. In sum - merdays The world a-round him elings;
3 Not so the low - ly man who walks The path that Je - sus trod,

And fos - ter'd myr - i - ads of leaves That hid it - self from view.

It guiles his heart and o'er his faults A leaf - y man - tle flings;
Who dai - ly learns to die; whose "life Is hid with Christ in God."

When win - ter came with an - gry breath, The bough was brown and bare;

It blinds him, till the bit - ter day Of pain and death comes on;
The world be-tween his soul and God Can nev - er in - ter-vene;

Gone were the sum-mer-heart-ed leaves That once were nurtured there.

And leaves him, then, to bear his woes Un - aid - ed and a - lone.

In joy or sor - row, life or death, His hope is ev - er green.

AT THE CRYSTAL SEA.

C. WORDSWORTH,

Spirited.

GEO. C. HUGG.

- 1 Hark, the sound of Ho - ly voic - es Chanting at the crystal sea,
- 2 Mul - titudes which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
- 3 They have come from trib - u - la - tion, And have washed their robes in blood,
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold-en 'light,

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord to Thee,
 Clothed in white ap - par - el hold - ing Vic - tor palms in ev' - ry hand.
 Washed them in the blood of Je - sus, Tried they were, and steadfast stood.
 Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite.

CHORUS.

See, they stand a hap - py band, Vic - tor
 See, they stand / hap - py band,

palms . . . in ev' - ry hand, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,
 Vic - tor palms, ev' - ry hand,

In their heav'nly melo - dy, Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Lord to Thee.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

THRING.

J. P. HARDING.

Joyously.

1 Saviour, blessed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voic-es
 2 Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a - dor -
 3 Onward, ev - er on-ward, Journeying o'er the road, Worn by saints be -
 4 High - er then, and high - er Bear the ransom'd soul, Earth - ly toils for -

rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have to of - fer,
 - a - tion Bend-ing low the knee; Thou, for our re - demption,
 - fore us, Journeying on to God; Leav-ing all be - hind us,
 - got - ten, Sav-iour, to its goal; Where,in joys un - thought of,

All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
 May we has - ten on, Backward never look - ing, Till the prize is won.
 Saints with angel sing, Nev - er wea - ry rais - ing Prais-es to their King.

Chorus.

Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing:

Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

CHICAGO.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

1. Praise the great Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His name, In a song of
2. Serve the Lord with glad - ness, With the heart and voice, For He reigns for
3. He the "Man of sor - row" Conquer'd all our foes, From the last dread

tri - umph Sound a - loud His fame; For the vast cre - a - tion
 ev - er Let the earth re - joice; O true deep com - pas - sion
 con - flict Vic - tor He a - rose. Praise the gra - cious Giv - er

Speak the sov - reign might, Let His loy - al chil - dren In His praise de - light.
 Fond pa - ren - tal care, Gave His Well Be - lov - ed Human life to share.
 For this mighty Friend, In tri - umphant cho - rus Let our praises blend.

CHORUS.

Praise the great Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His Name,

In a song of tri - umph Sound a - loud His fame.

SEEK THE LORD.

29

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

Joyously.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG

BELIEVE IN JESUS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1 Be - lieve, be - lieve in Je - sus, Be - lieve His promise true,
 2 Be - lieve, be - lieve in Je - sus, Trust not in hu - man power,
 3 Be - lieve, be - lieve in Je - sus, And fol - low where He leads;



For all that He hath spo - ken, The Lord will sure - ly do:
 All hu - man strength is weakness, Man with - ers in an hour:
 Remem - ber, with the Fa - ther For you He in - ter - cedes:



If you would be His ser - vant, Be made a priest and king,
 Man's promise is un - cer - tain, His word is sure to fail;
 If here you trust in Je - sus, To die will be great gain,



Trust in the Lord Je - ho - vah, By faith to Je - sus cling.
 Then put your trust in Je - sus, He on - ly can pre - vail.
 And with Him in His king - dom, You shall for - ev - er reign.



Chorus.

Be - lieve, Be - lieve, Be - lieve in Je-sus, Believe His promise
 Believe, Believe, Believe

true, For all that He hath spo-ken The Lord will surely do.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1 E - ter-nal Spir - it, 'twas Thy breath The o - ra-cles of truth inspired ;
 2 Mov'd by the great al - mighty pow'r, Their lips with heav'nly wisdom flow'd ;
 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news Of pardon, thro' a Saviour's blood ;

And kings and ho - ly seers of old With strong prophetic impulse fired.
 Their hands a thou-sand wonders wrought, Which bore the signature of God.
 And to a num'rous seek - ing crowd Mark'd out the path to His a - bode.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Tempo di marcia.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.

1. All our lov'd ones are passing a-way, Like the sweetest and fairest of
 2. Oh, we cherish, in mem'ry's bright store, Hap-py visions no time can ef-
 3. In that land that is fair-est and best, Where no sorrow can ev - er be-

flow'rs, On-ly blossoming just for a day, On this sorrowful earthland of
 face, Of the lost ones in glad days of yore, They who cheer'd us with beauty and
 tide, We shall linger at last in sweet rest, With the lost ones again by our

DUET. *ad lib.*

ours. They are going from you and from me, For no longer with us can they
 grace. One by one they have faded away, For no longer on earth could they
 side. We are wandering home one by one, To that promised land, weary and

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.—Concluded.

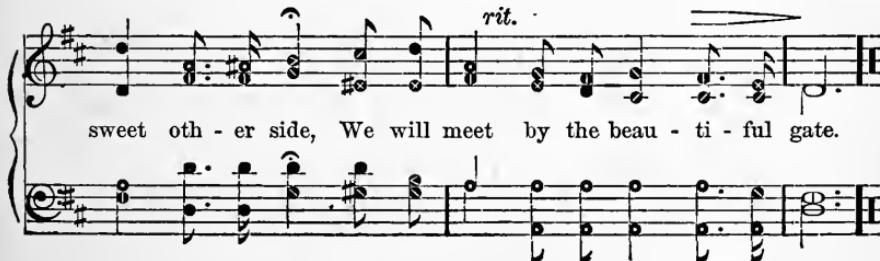
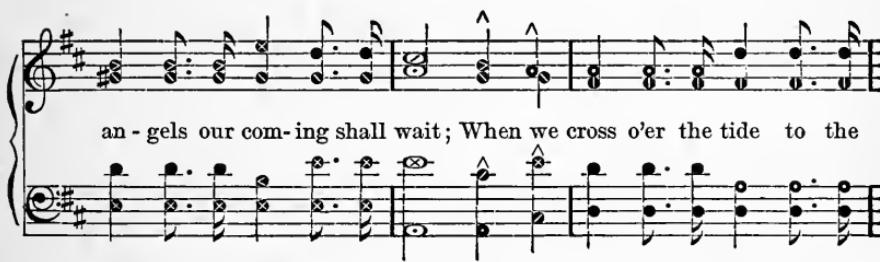
33



wait; But we know in the glad days to be, We shall meet by the beautiful gate.
 wait; But we know in some bright sunny day, We will meet by the beautiful gate.
 late, And we know when our journey is done, We will meet by the beautiful gate.



CHORUS.



sweet oth - er side, We will meet by the beau - ti - ful gate.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv-ers of gladness Will ban-ish all sadness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven, From o-ver that
 4. No sor-row or sighing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can sha-dow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
 ci-ty of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, Forev-er are

CHORUS.

dreary,—And no one can ev-er grow old. Oh, there is a ci-ty, a
 brighten, That ci-ty by night or by day.
 sunder, The path that in sorrow we trod.
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau-ti-ful ci-ty, Whose builder and maker is God; A far-away

ci-ty, A wonder-ful ci-ty, The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.

I AM THE LIGHT.

35

THEO. HYATT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

1

My path is dark, Lord, ver-y dark, No ray of light il-lumes my way;
A sweet voice whispers, Sad one, hark,

2

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the blest Redeemer say: I am the light, I am the light, yes, I am the light,

I am the light, I am the light, Oh, walk in the light, oh, walk in the light, oh,
I am the light, yes, I am the light,

walk in the light, Then visions of bliss will break on thy sight, Break, break, break on
thy sight; And the path I shall lead will ev-er be bright, Ever, yes, ever be bright!

2 I'm burden'd, Lord, and sore oppress'd,
I faint beneath the heavy load;
But Jesus says, In Me find rest;
For all along the weary road,
I am the light, etc.

3 I'm vile, Lord, very, very vile,
And sin assails with mighty power;
A whisper comes, a heavenly smile,
I'll cleanse thy heart this very hour.

4 I come, dear Lord, with ev'ry cloud,—
My burdens all to thee I bring,
And cast my sins, with praises loud,
On him whose wondrous grace I sing.
Cho.—Thou art the light! thou art the light!
Forever, dear Jesus, I'll walk in this light:
Lo, visions of bliss now break on my sight,
It is glory, all glory, my pathway is bright,
Ever, yes, ever is bright!

M. E. SERVOSS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1 "He spake in the cloud - y pil - lar;" All trembling with fear they
 2 "He spake in the cloud - y pil - lar;" And Is - ra - el heard that
 3 "He spake in the cloud - y pil - lar;" He speak-eth a - gain to -

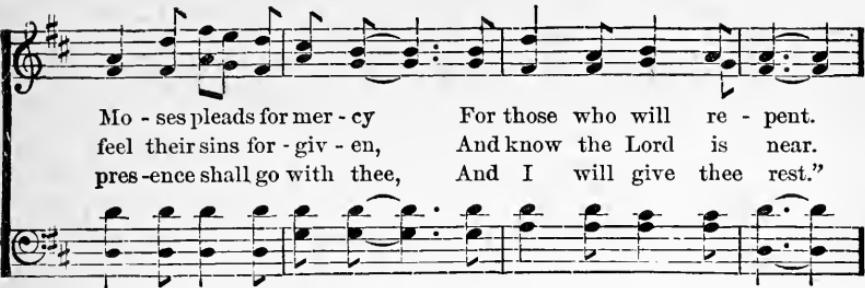
wait, With the bur-den of sin un - for - giv - en, Re -
 day That Je - hov - ah, in mer - cy, for - giv - ing, A -
 - day, At the door of my tomb I am wait - ing, To

Duet.

- pent - ance al - most too late; While pray'rs for Je - hov - ah's
 - gain would di - rect their way; Oh! joy to a sin - ful
 hear what the Lord will say; And down thro' a ho - ly

Full.

guid - ance As - cend from each peo - pled tent, And
 peo - ple Re - pent - ant, yet full of fear,— They
 still - ness He an - swers my soul's re - quest, "My

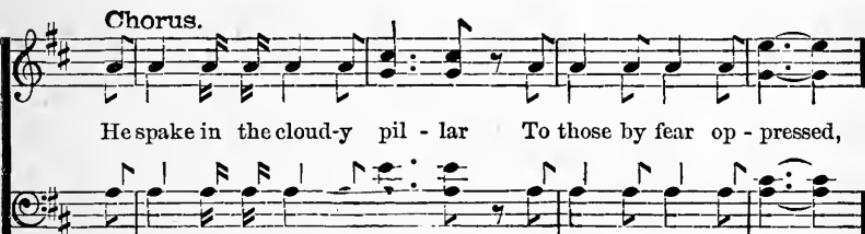


Mo - ses pleads for mer - cy For those who will re - pent.
feel their sins for - giv - en, And know the Lord is near.
pres - ence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest."

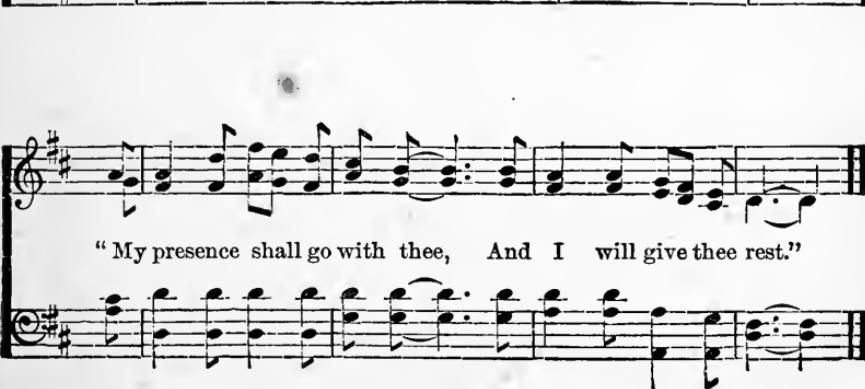


And Mo - ses pleads for mer - cy For those who will re - pent.
They feel their sins for - giv - en, And know the Lord is near.
"My pres - ence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest."

Chorus.



He spoke in the cloud-y pil - lar To those by fear op - pressed,



" My presence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest."

HOLY, HOLY.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Moderato.

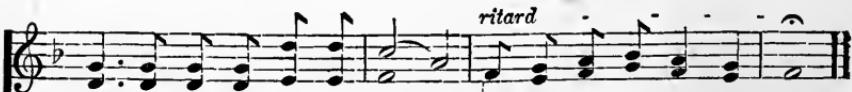
1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts! when heav'n and earth,
 2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Three, Our Je - ho , vah ev - er more,



Out of darkness at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth.
 Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, we Dust and ash - es, would a - dore:



All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good;
 Light-ly by the world es-teemed, From that world by Thee re-deemed,



While they sung with one ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.
 Sing we Him, with glad ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.



HE IS COMING.

39

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. We are looking for the dawning Of a brighter, grander day, And the
 2. Have you sown beside the waters? Are you ready now to say, "I have
 3. Have you given to the needy More than mortal can repay? Have you

curtains of the morning-tide Will soon be swept away; Are you ready for his
 scattered with an open hand, My sheaves about me lay; Now my sun is slowly
 led them to the fountain Flashing out a healing spray? Are you looking to the

D. S.—He is coming, he is

coming? Will you hasten to obey When the Kingly One is calling And the
 west'ring, While its beams around me stray; Come, O Sun of Righteousness, arise! As-
 eastward, Hoping, waiting while you may? All will soon be sweet fruition, Widely

coming To his ransomed ones at last; We may hear his stately steppings 'Mid the

CHORUS.

Fine.

clouds have paved his way. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, he is
 sume thy sceptered sway. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, he is
 flung the por-tals grey.

ru-ins of the past.

D. S.

coming, he is coming, he is coming, And our faith will hold him fast; hold him fast;

A SONG OF WELCOME.

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

Joyfully.

1. Oh! beau-ti-ful windows, that welcome the sun; The glory and pomp of the
 2. Oh! beau-ti-ful curtains, as mist-y as lace, That hid in the morning the
 3. Oh! beau-ti-ful love, that the Father has sent With numberless blessings, He



day has be-gun. Oh! beau-ti-ful friendship, so rich and so sweet, That
 dawn's ro-sy face. Oh! beau-ti-ful hand, tho'un-seen it was fair, That
 kind-ly has lent. Oh! beau-ti-ful home, with the One we a-dore, When



D.S. Ev-er bring near to us Those who are dear to us,

Chorus.



brings us the ones we are hap-py to greet. }
 part-ed those curtains as light-ly as air. } Welcome, thrice welcome, Oh!
 gath-ered a-bove we will praise Him the more. }



Ev-er and al-ways il-lu-mine our way.



NEALE, Tr.

EWING.



1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3 And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight;
 4 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect!



Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white,
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there;
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased,
 Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realms and home of life!
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.



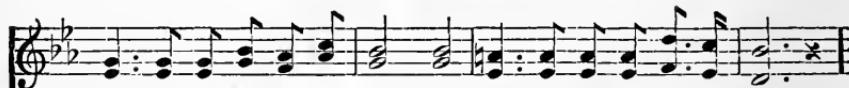
WAITING AT THE DOOR.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

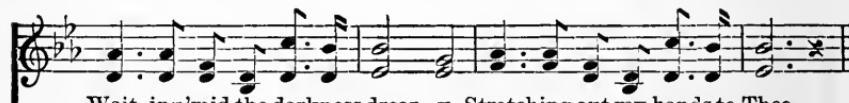
GEO. C. HUGG.

Expressive.

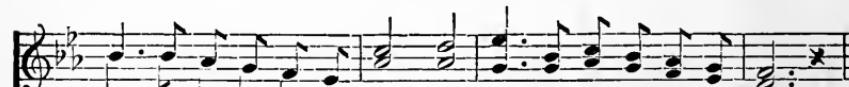
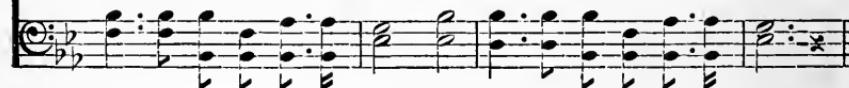
- 1 At the door of mer-cy sigh - ing, With the bur-den of my sin,
- 2 I have sought to earn Thy fav - or, Car - ing not for toil or cost;
- 3 Hark! what sounds mine ear receiveth, Sweet as songs of ser-a-phim!
- 4 But the depth of Je-sus' kind - ness! But the height of Je-sus' grace!



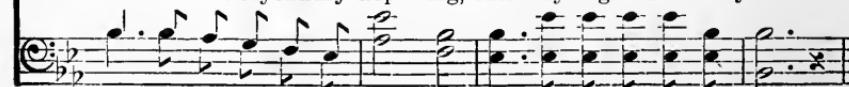
Day and night my soul is cry - ing, "O - pen, Lord, and let me in."
 Yet I find not Him, my Sav - iour, He who came to seek the lost.
 He that in the Lord be-liev - eth Life e - ter - nal hath in Him.
 Oh! the blackness of the blind - ness That could not behold His face!



Wait-ing'mid the darkness drear - y, Stretching out my hands to Thee,
 Bless-ed Mas-ter! in Thy pit - y, Teach me what I ought to do,
 At the out-er door why stay - ing? Nothing soul! hast thou to pay:
 I saw not the door was o - pen, Nor my Lord in-vite me in:

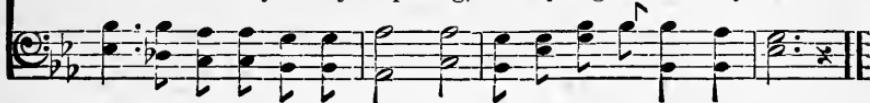


In the ref-uge for the wea - ry Is there not a place for me?
 So that in the Ho-ly Cit - y I may gain an entrance, too,
 Christ in love to thee is say - ing: "Wea - ry child, come in to - day."
 Grace is mine beyond my hop - ing, Mer - ey mightier than my sin.





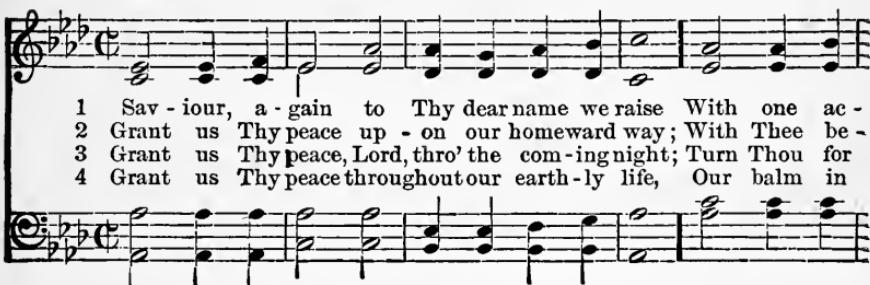
In the ref-uge for the wea - ry Is there not a place for me?
 So that in the Ho-ly Cit - y I may gain an entrance, too.
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 Grace is mine beyond my hop - ing, Mer-cy mightier than my sin.



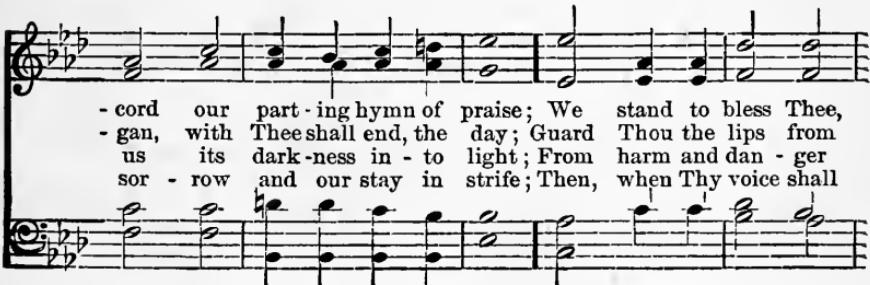
PARTING SONG.

J. ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1 Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2 Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in



- cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
 - gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall



ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name,
 keep Thy chil-dren free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.



1. We bring no glitt'ring treasures,—No gems from earth's deep mine; We come, with
 2. The dear-est gifts of heav-en, Love's written word of truth; To us is
 3. Re-deem-er, great thy bless-ing, Oh, teach us how to pray; That each, Thy

cheer-ful meas-ures To chant Thy love di-vine. Children, Thy fav-ors shar-ing,
 ear-ly giv-en To guide our steps in youth. We hear the wond'rous sto-ry,—
 fear pos-ses-ing, May tread life's onward way. Then where the pure are dwelling.

Their voice of thanks would raise; O Lord, ac-cept our off'-ring,—Our
 The tale of Cal-va-ry; We read of homes in glo-ry, From
 We hope to meet a-gain; And sweet the num-ber swell-ing, For-

song of grate-ful praise. } sin and sor-row free. } Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing Grateful ho-san-nas to
 - ev-er praise Thy name. }

ritard.

a tempo.

Repeat Chorus *pp ad lib*

Je-sus, our King! Sing! sing! joyous-ly sing! Praises un-ceas-ing bring.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

*Andante maestoso.**f* GIRLS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

p Boys.

1. On this glad tri-umphant morn-ing, Christ the Prince of life a - rose;
2. When His fond, His true dis- ci - ples To His sa- cred tomb drew near,
3. Hail, all hail, tri-umphant hour, Let our hap-py voi - ces say;

f GIRLS.

BOYS.

Then the seal of death was bro - ken, Now the grave with prom - ise glows,
 An - gels from the courts of heav-en, Break the tid - ings full of cheer,
 Christ has triumphed, man shall triumph, Death has lost his fear - ful sway,

ff FULL SCHOOL.

Might - y Vic - tor, Vic - tor o-ver all our foes.
 He is ris - en, Christ is ris-en do not fear.
 Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the ris-en Lord to day.

CHORUS. *Allegro. Voices in unison.*

Hon - or, pow - er, bless - ing, Shall this Mighty Mon - arch claim:

Hal - le - lu - jahs ren - der, . to the Sav-iour's name.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

With feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Like the bud that quickly blos-soms, Like the blossom soon de-cayed,
 2 Like a snowflake in the sun-shine, Like the white foam-crested wave,
 3 Like a dream that's soon forgotten, Like a me-teror in the sky,—

Like the grass that quickly with-ers,
 Like the mists of ear-ly morn-ing,
 Like a post-man hastening onward,

Like the leaf we rap-id fade:
 So we're passing to the grave:
 So man hastens on to die:

Like a swiftship on the o-cean, Like a swift de-part-ing day,—
 Like the swiftly passing shad-ow, Like a tale that's quickly told,—
 Like the rap-id flowing riv-er,— Like a briefwatch in the night,—

Like a sleep that is but transient,— So we quickly pass a-way.
 Swift-er than the weaver's shut-tle,— So we all are grow-ing old.
 Like the bubble of a mo-ment,— So we soon pass out of sight.

Chorus.

Like the stars that fade in sunlight, Like a rain-drop in the sea,

So may we, O bless-ed Sav-iour, . Pass a-way to dwell with Thee.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

W. F. HEATH.

1 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Just a-cross the riv - er, Cometh neither
 2 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Golden harps are ringing; Sweetest songs of
 3 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Just beyond the riv - er, We shall see our

D. S. Jesus Christ, our

Fine. Chorus.

sin nor death, But God's peace for-ev - er. In that land,
 love and praise An - gel voic - es sing - ing. In that
 Sav - iour, King, Know and love him ev - er. In that
 Saviour, King, Lives and reigns for-ev - er.

.... blessed land, Just beyond the riv - er,
 land, blessed land, Just beyond the riv - er,
 D.S.

ARMY OF CHRIST.

JOHNSON BARKER.



1 Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers onward
 2 Je-sus, Lord, and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,



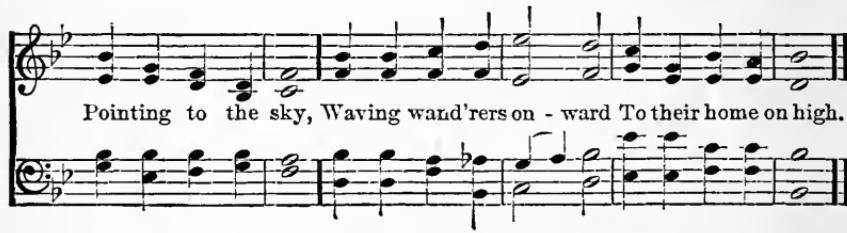
To their home on high; Journeying o'er the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
 See thy children meet; Oft-en have we left thee, Oft-en gone a - stray,



CHORUS.



And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way. } Brightly gleams our banner,
 Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way. }



3

All our days direct us,
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe;
 Bid thine angels shield us,
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.—CHO.

4

Then with Saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering endless praises
 At thy throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,—
 Jesus, in his beauty;—
 Songs that never cease.—CHO.

THE ETERNAL ROCK.

49

GEO. C. HUGG.

Rejoicingly.

1 When wild - ly beat the storms of life, And heav - y is the chast'ning rod,
 2 What hope dis - pels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock ?
 3 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock,

The soul beyond the waves of strife, Views the E-ter - nal Rock, her God.
 Faith, thro' the vis-ta of the tomb, Points to the ev - er-last - ing Rock.
 And show them, in the promised land, The shelter of th' E-ter - nal Rock.

Chorus.

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,"

My spir - it rests in ho - ly calm, The Rock doth shel - ter me.

50 THERE IS A FRIEND WE OFTEN MISS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Fervently.

1 There is a Friend we oft-en miss, E'en 'mid the light of day;
 2 This Friend draws near, with loving stroke, His own sweet peace to give,
 3 This Friend once found, we find love's store, And pure, un-fail-ing light,
 4 But 'tis not art dis-pels this night, Our tongues in sor-row sings:



And none so near 'mid grief or bliss—Yet none so far a-way.
 To heal the heart which spurned His yoke, And bid its hope to live.
 Where beau-ty blos-soms ev-er-more With ev-er fresh de-light.
 Christ is not seen thro' rea-son's light, Or tears which gen-ius brings;



We oft-en look, yet do not see, And hear but will not heed;
 The orphaned soul, like lit-tle bird, Be-gins to build its nest;
 True peace her e- shows her smil-ing face, And hope which nev-er dies,
 Up-on the low-ly, bro-ken heart His face will on-ly shine:



So stum-ble on in mys-ter-y, And won-der none doth lead.
 'Mid God's own glo-ry, un-disturbed, Finds its true home and rest.
 Sweet sym-pa-thy, with ten-der grace, And joy while sor-row flies.
 The light and love of Heav'n impart: Thus show that all is Thine.



THERE IS A FRIEND, Etc.—Concluded.

51

Chorus.

Je - sus, I would know Thee, Trust Thee more and more;
Give me grace, and guard me Till life's cares are o'er.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Rev. I. WATTS.

G. FRANC.

1 A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He died up-on the tree?
3 Wellmigh the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4 Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross appears;
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—"Tis all that I can do.

MY LORD AND MY GOD.

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Tho' we have not touch'd his hands, Tho' we have not press'd his side,
 2. We may reach the hand of faith, We may touch his throbbing heart,
 3. Tho' we have not seen the trace Of the cru - el nails or spear,
 4. We may learn to know his voice, And the path his feet have trod,

We may hear his sweet commands, And a-dore the Crn - ci - fied.
 And be blessed of him who saith His rich grace he will im-part.
 We will see his lov - ing face, We may feel his pres-ence near.
 And with him of old re-joice In our Sav - iour and our God.

CHORUS.

He who lived, and loved, and died, Left a bless - ing wide and free

For the tempt - ed and the tried, Tho' his face they can- not see.

JESUS FIRST AND LAST.

53

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



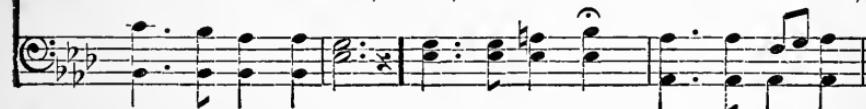
1 Je - sus! when my soul is part - ing From this bod - y frail and
 2 Je - sus! when my mem' - ry wan - ders Far from loved ones at my
 3 When the morn in all its glo - ry Charms no more mine ear or
 4 When my feet shall pass the riv - er, And up - on the far-ther



weak, . . . And the death - ly dew is start - ing Down this
 side, . . . And in fit - ful dreaming pon - ders Who are
 eye, . . . And the shad - ows clos - ing o'er me Warn me
 shore . . . I shall walk, redeem'd for - ev - er, Ne'er to



pale and wast - ed cheek, — Thine, my Sav - iour, Be the name I
 they that near me glide, — Last, my Sav - iour, Let my tho'ts on
 of the time to die, — Last, my Sav - iour, Let me see Thee
 sin - to die no more, — First, Lord Je - sus! Let me see Thee,



last shall speak, Be the name I last shall speak.
 Thee a - bide, Let my tho'ts on Thee a - bide.
 stand - ing by, Let me see Thee stand-ing by.
 and a - dore, Let me see Thee, and a - dore.



A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

KATE CAMERON.

LABAN SOLOMON.

Solo. 1st. VOICE.



- 1 Trav'ler, whith - er art thou go - ing, Headless of the clouds that form ?
- 2 Trav'ler, art thou here a stran - ger, Not to fear the tempest's pow'r ?
- 3 Trav'ler, now a moment lin - ger, Soon the darkness will be o'er :
- 4 Trav'ler, yon - der nar - row por - tal O - pens to receive thy form :

2d. VOICE.



Nought to me the wind's rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm;
 I have not a tho't of dan - ger, Tho' the sky more darkly lower,
 No! I see a beck'ning fin - ger, Guid-ing to a far - off shore;
 Yes! and I shall be im-mor - tal In that land without a storm;

And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm ;
 For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm ;
 And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm ;
 And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm ;

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.—Concluded. 55

tempo. p

I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.
 For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.

tempo. p

Chorus.

We are go - ing, yes, we're go - ing, Soon the glo - rious day will dawn;
 We are go - ing, yes, we're go-ing To the land with-out a storm.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.

1 Be-fore Je-hovah'saw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy.

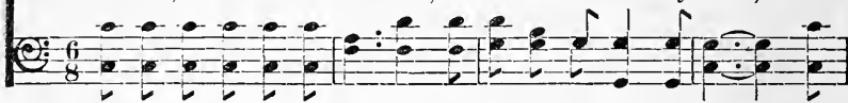
56 MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.



1 Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high! The
 2 Mas-ter, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The
 3 Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-ements sweetly rest; Earth's



sky is o'er shadow'd with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
 depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
 sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's within my breast;



“Car-est thou not that we per-ish?” How canst thou lie a-sleep, When each
 Torrents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Redeem-er! Leave me a-lone no more; And with



moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 per-ish! I per-ish; dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
 joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



MASTER, THE TEMPEST, Etc.—Concluded. 57

Chorus.

p

~ pp

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace, be still! . . .

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

cre.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be

cen

do.

No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o - cean and

earth, and skies; They all so sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p

Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Slow.

1 In the ark most ho - ly, Once the Lord appeared, There to bless His
 2 Now God's cho - sen tem - ple, Where He will im - part Heav-en's rich - est
 3 Where - so - ev - er Je - sus Is a wel - come guest, In the heart or



peo - ple, Who His man - date feared; Where - so - e'er this sym - bol
 bless - ings, Is my sin - ful heart; At the door He's knock - ing,
 house - hold, There is sweet - est rest; Welcome, bless - ed Sav - iour,



Found a resting place, There were sweetest to - kens Of Je - hovah's grace.
 Wait - ing to come in, — Welcome, Je - sus, welcome, Cleanse my heart from sin.
 Show me now Thy grace, Make my heart Thy temple, Thine own dwelling-place



Chorus.



Wel - come, Je - sus, wel - come, Wel - come to my heart,

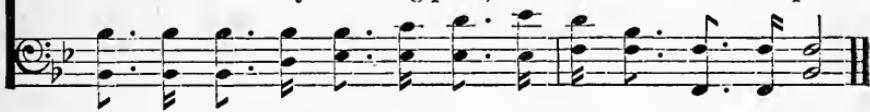




Make it now Thydwell-ing-place, And nev - ermore de - part,



Make it now Thydwell-ing-place, And nev - er more de - part.



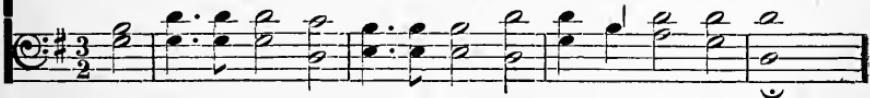
ARLINGTON. C. M.

Rev. I. WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE. /



1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4 Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?

Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

F. E. PETTENGILL.

Animated.

GEO. C. HUGG.

- 1 The summer's heat, the win-ter's cold, The changes of the year,
- 2 From ma - ny homes by var - ied paths, Thro' joy, perhaps thro' pain,
- 3 The past, the past, what doth it know? What record doth it bear
- 4 And if the fu - ture shall reclaim Some loved ones now a - stray,

Have quick-ly come, have quick-ly gone, Our fes - tal day is here
 Our no - ble cause we come to aid, Its pre - cepts to sus-tain,
 Of e - vil shunn'd, of good per-formed, Of ten - der, thoughtful care,
 Thro' truths impress'd this hour, oh, then, Our hearts shall glad - ly say:

Chorus.

With songs our hearts to cheer. Sing - - ing and prais - - ing
 In - creas-ing zeal to gain. }
 Each oth-er's toil to share? }
 All hail this fes - tal day! Sing-ing and prais-ing Thy name, blessed name,

Thy bless-ed name, Lead us, oh,
 Sing-ing and prais-ing Thy name, bless-ed name, Lead us, oh, lead us thro'

lead us Through . . . all the way,
life's chang-ing way! Lead us, oh, lead us thro' life's chang-ing way;
And now, oh, Fa - ther! be Thou ev - er our strength and stay!
And be Thou ev - er, our dear Fa-ther, oh, be Thou ev - er our strength and stay!

RUEBUSH. 7s.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 Lord of hosts, how love - ly fair, E'en on earth Thy tem-ples are;
2 From Thy gra - cious pres-ence flows Bliss that soft-ens all our woes;

Here Thy wait-ing peo-ple see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.
While Thy Spir - it's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de-sire.

3
Here we supplicate Thy throne,
Here Thou makest Thy glories known;
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love and sing Thy praise.

4
Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Arr. by

Rev. H. G. BATTERSON, D. D.



1 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, A Sav - iour born to - day:
 2 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng
 3 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, The hap - py Christmas time:



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
 O'er the vales of Ju - dah A -woke the heavenly throng.
 Hark! the bells are peel - ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime:



Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound
 Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Good-will, and Peace, and Love;
 Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove,



Shall hear the might-y cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound.
 Sing glo - ry in the high - est To God, Who reigns a - bove,
 And sing in loudest num - bers, Oh, sing re-deem - ing Love!



CHORUS.

Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day.
Car - - ol, car - ol, Car - ol, carol, car - ol sweetly to - day.

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

O LORD, WE LOVE THY NAME.

L. S. E. L.

ULFWIN.

1 O Lord, we love thy name: Pro - tect us by thy power, In
2 Oh, keep us all thine own: Pre - serve us day by day! Make
3 Lo, when life's eve draws nigh We'll dread not death's a - larms, With

sor - row, sick - ness, joy and health, And in our last dread hour.
us to love Thee more and more, And earn - est when we pray.
Thou our Guide, and, un - der -neath, The Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

REJOICE EVERMORE.

M. E. SERVOSS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Rejoice! rejoice! for Jesus reigns, The Prince of peace and love, To guide the chil-
 2. Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come, The Saviour of mankind, To seek the lost ones
 3. Rejoice! rejoice for - evermore, Nor let one soul repine. Though friends forget, and

dren of his grace To heav'n, their home above. And they who seek his loving care Thro'
 of his fold, And heal the halt and blind. O err-ing and re-pentant soul, Look
 hearts grow cold, A Father's love is thine. And if the world seem dark with frowns, Just

dark and sunny days, Shall know how safely they may walk When God directs their ways.
 up, and thou shalt live. The Friend of sinners comes to save, To ran-som and forgive.
 meet them with a smile; And, with the hope of future bliss, All present ills beguile.

CHORUS.

Re-joice! re-joice for - ev - er-more! Im - man-u-el's prais - es sing.

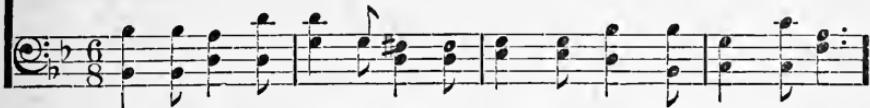
They must re-joice who sure - ly know That Je - sus is their King.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH.

HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Leave me not, for I am lone- ly, And the way I can - not see;
2. Leave me not, for dark-ness gathers Round a - bout the path I tread;
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp-ta - tion life is fraught;



Lest I wan - der in - to dan-ger, Keep me, Sav- iour, near to Thee.
 Leave me not, but let my footsteps Ev - er by Thy hand be led.
 Then through all life's toil- some jour-ney, O, my Sav- iour, leave me not.



Refrain.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Keep me near to Thee:
 Leave me not, O gen - tle Sav- iour; Keep me near to Thee:



Lest I wan - der in - to dan-ger, Keep, me, Saviour, near to Thee.

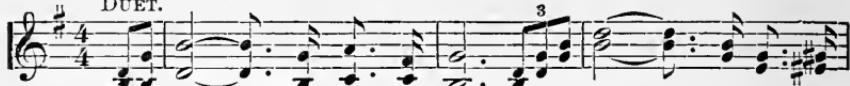


WALK THE WAY OF LIFE.

Dr. J. C. CURRAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

DUET.



1. O! walk the way of life, Walk in the nar - row
 2. O! walk the way of life Till time makes white the
 3. O! walk the way of life Our Fa - thers walked be -
 4. O! walk the way of life Till time shall be no



way That leads from earthly strife To e - ter - nal day.
 hair, And then we'll glad - ly climb Up the gold - en stair.
 - fore, Who reign with Christ in light On the bright - er shore.
 more, And then on Je - sus' breast Rest for ev - er more.

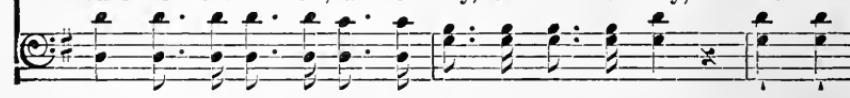
CHORUS.



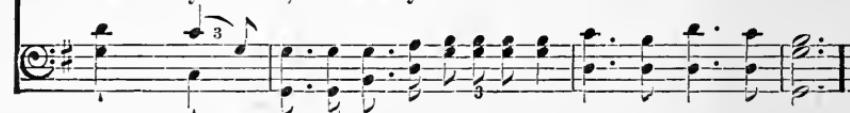
O! walk..... the way of life!.....
 Walk the way of life, the beautiful, beautiful way of life!



Walk in the nar - row way..... That leads.....
 Walk in the nar - row, nar - row way, the nar - row way, Leads from



from earthly strife..... To e - ter - nal day!
 earth - ly strife, from earthly sorrow and strife

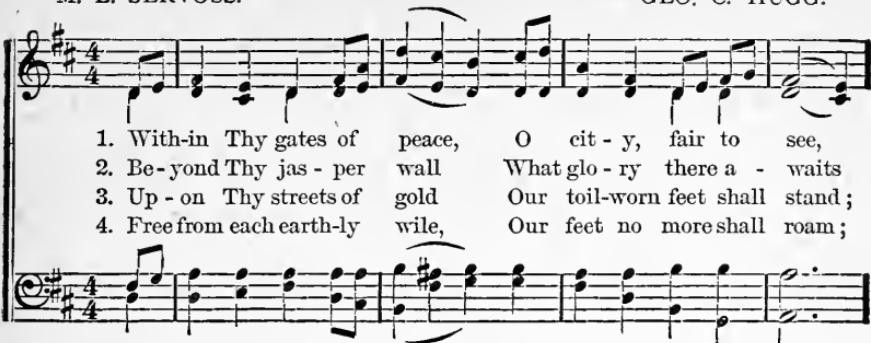


WITHIN THY GATES.

67

M. E. SERVOSS.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. With-in Thy gates of peace, O cit - y, fair to see,
2. Be-yond Thy jas - per wall What glo - ry there a - waits
3. Up - on Thy streets of gold Our toil-worn feet shall stand;
4. Free from each earth-ly wile, Our feet no more shall roam;

Our feet from wand'ring soon shall cease, And find a rest in Thee.
For those who, at the Fa-ther's call, With joy approach Thy gates!
Nor pleas-ures fade, nor joys grow old, With-in that peace-ful land.
And, best of all, a Saviour's smile Will be our wel-come home.

CHORUS.

O jew - el-walled Je - ru - sa - lem ! With pearly gates thrown wide,

How glad - ly shall we en - ter in, And ev - er-more a - bide.

CASTLETON.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B. D.

1. Hark! hark! my soul; An- gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, " Come, weary souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal- ing, The voice of Je - sus

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come :" And, through the dark its ech- oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. }
 The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping :
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadow break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

COME UNTO ME.

69

A. O. M.

A. O. MANSFIELD.

1 "Come un - to Me," the Sav - iour saith To thee, O ten-der youth!
 2 "Come un - to Me," the Sav - iour saith To thee, young man,to-day!

"Now in the morn-ing of thy days Re - ceive the word of truth.
 "Thy life is now in noon-tide bright, And joy gleamson thy way.

Give Me thy heart, and learn of Me To walkin wis-dom's way,
 Let not the pleas-ures of the world—Its fame and its re - noun—

And ear - ly tread the nar - row path Which leads to end - less day."
 E'er cause thee at the last to lose The conqueror's gold - en crown."

3

"Come unto Me," the Saviour saith
 To thee, O aged one,
 Whose day now draweth to its close,
 Whose course has almost run:
 "In Me alone canst thou find rest
 When this life's toils are done;
 Yield to My love, and thou shalt own
 Thy life anew begun."

4

Thus saith the Saviour to us all,
 In gentle tones and mild;
 To you He calls, O weary souls!
 And you by sin defiled.
 Oh, take the yoke, the burden light,
 He offers you to bear!
 Oh, pause, amid prevailing strife,
 His still, small voice to hear.

WAITING FOR US.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1 Oft a-cross life's pathway drear-y Bursts a heav'n - ly gleam,
 2 Friends and lov'd ones gone before us To the E - den - land,
 3 From the gift of in - spir - a - tion Gleams a hal - lowed ray,



As some pil - grim lone and wea - ry Nears the mys - tic stream;
 Sing the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus With the an - gel band;
 Teaching heirs of Christ's sal - va - tion—An - gels guard their way—



Then the sound of voic - es call - ing From a fair - er clime,
 They up - on our night of sor - row Ev - er look - ing down,
 Wait-ing near the jew-eled por - tal, Long - ing for the day,



Cheers with ech - oes gen - tly fall - ing On the shores of time.
 Watch and wait the joy - ous mor - row That shall bring the crown.
 When we shall for crowns im - mor - tal Part with dy - ing clay.



WAITING FOR US. Concluded.

71

CHORUS.



Wait-ing for us there in the glo - rious sum - mer land,



Gather'd with the saints, shout - ing vic' - try on the strand;



Wait - ing there to meet us, as Time's ling'-ring shad-ows flee;



Wait with songs to greet us, near the beau-ti - ful jas - per sea.



Rev. R. F. SAMPLE.

T. FRANK ALLEN, by per.



1 There is a hap - py world a-bove, Be-yond the star - ry sky;
 2 No graves shall ev - er o - pen there, No fun' - ral bell be toll'd;
 3 Lo! there the white-rob'd waiting stand, They watch us from a - far;



The home of pur - i - ty and love, And thith-er would I fly.
 No clouds shall darken in the air, No win - ters long and cold.
 Still voic - es come from yon-der land, Thro' pearly gates a - jar.



Chorus.



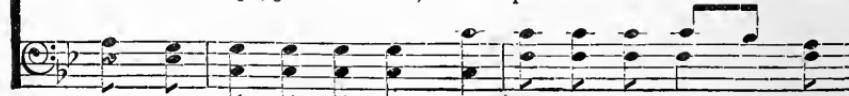
Home, home, home! O the beau - ti - ful home a - bove;



We'll sing ev - er - more On the bright,
 We'll sing ev - er-more, We'll sing ev - er-more On the bright, gold-en shore,



gold - en shore, And part nev - er -
 On the bright, gold - en shore, And part nev - er - more, And





I AM COMING, GRACIOUS SAVIOUR.

W. B. B.

W. B. BLAKE.

1 I am wea - ry, gra-cious Sav-iour, Of the bur-den of my sin;
 2 Wand'ring o'er a wea - ry des - ert, Faint and sadden'd I have trod,
 3 Thus I come to Thee, be-liev - ing Thou the bet-ter por-tion art:

Thou a - lone canst cleanse my spir-it, Thou canst make me pure within.
 Seek - ing rest where rest's a stran-ger, Find - ing naught to ease my load.
 Take me, cleanse me, reign within me, Nev - er from my soul de-part.

Chorus.

I am com-ing, gracious Sav-iour, All to Thee I now re-sign;

Wash me in the fount of cleansing, And seal me ev-er, ev-er Thine.

74 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

FLOTOW.



1 Guide me, O Thongreat Je-ho - vah! Pil-grim through this
 2 Feed me with the Heav'n ly man - na, In this bar - ren



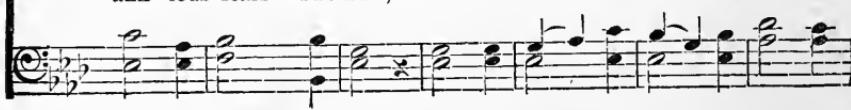
bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou are might - y, Hold me
 wil - der-ness; Be my sword, and shield, and ban - ner, Be the



with Thy pow'rful hand. O - pen now the crystal fountains, Whence the
 Lord my righteousness. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my



liv - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pil - lar,
 anx - ious fears sub-due; Death of death and hell's destruc-tion,





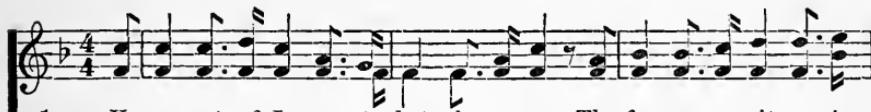
Lead me all my jour-ney thro', Lead me all my journey thro'.
Land me safe on Ca-naan'sside, Land me safe on Canaan'sside.



THE CHRISTIAN ARMY.

ON-ENO.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1 Ye servants of Je-sus, to bat-tle a-way, The foe now awaits you in
2 Let mem'ries of martyrs, whose glories we'll share, Let love of our Lord, whose dear
3 Then faint not at dangers, your Captain is near, With His Spir-it within, His



artial array : Tho' your forces may be small, Ye shall conquer tho' ye fall, Ye are
cross we will bear, Be our glory and our shield, As the sword of faith we wield, Then to
presence will cheer ; With His eye He'll safely guide, Neath His shield He will thee
hide, He will



Christ's own sol-diers all, a-way, a-way, a-way,
A-way, a-way a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way.
doubt we ne'er shall yield, On, on, fight on.
On, on, fight on, on, on, fight on, on, on, on, fight on.
nev-er leave thy side, On, on, pray on,
On, on, pray on, on, on, pray on, on, on, on, pray on.



YOUR INFLUENCE.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

Solo or Quartette.

With expression, not too slowly.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O! what shall your in - flu - ence be? . . . Will it
 2. Will you work with un - wav' - ring pur - pose . . . At
 3. Or will you be aim - less and sloth - ful, . . . Nor
 4. Let each one but help some weak broth - er, . . . We

el - e - vate, strength-en and bless? Shall each one who
 the duties that fall to your lot, Do - ing earn - est - ly,
 care for the ones by the way, On - ly think - ing of
 need not go far to do good, But with will - ing hands

meets you dis - cov - er A friend in this world's wil - der -
 faith - ful - ly, no - bly? Your ac - tions will not be for -
 self and not reck' - ning, If ma - ny a - round you should
 help one an - oth - er, We all might do much if we

- ness? Will the weak be in - spir'd by your pres - ence?
 - got. Will you reap in life's vine - yard much fruit - age,
 stray? Not off' - ring a word, kind - ly spo - ken,
 would; And the Fa - ther will lend us as - sist - ance

YOUR INFLUENCE—Concluded.

77

Will the wea - ry be strong with your aid? Will you
 And bear not a bur - den of leaves? But
 To those who are near - est to you; O! the
 And guid - ance the whole jour - ney through; So

res - cue the tempt - ed and fall - en, Who a - side from the
 when you are done with the sow - ing, Will you car - ry home
 grain is so ripe for the har - vest, And the lab' - rers in -
 brave - ly and cheer - ful - ly ev - er The du - ties of

straight paths have stray'd? Will you res - cue the tempt - ed and
 boun - ti - ful sheaves? But when you are done with the
 -deed are so few. O! the grain is so ripe for the
 life we'll pur - sue. So brave - ly and cheer - ful - ly

fal - len, Who a - side from the straight paths have stray'd?
 sow - ing, Will you car - ry home boun - ti - ful sheaves?
 har - vest, And the lab' - rers in - deed are so few.
 ev - er The du - ties of life we'll pur - sue.

NO PLACE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

HARVEY REYNOLDS.

With expression.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. O'er the dark wave of Gal - i - lee The
 2. The wea - ry bird has left the air, And
 3. Still near the lake, with wea - ry tread, Lin -
 4. Why seeks He not a home of rest? Why

gloom of twi - light gath - ers fast, And on the wa - ters,
 sunk in - to his shel - ter'd nest; The wand'ring beast has
 - gers a form of hu - man kind, And on His lone un -
 seeks He not a pil - low'd bed? Beasts have their dens, the

drear - i - ly, De - scends the fit - ful eve - ning blast.
 sought his lair, And laid him down to wel - come rest.
 - shel - ter'd head Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
 bird its nest; He hath not where to lay His head.

Chorus.

Beasts have their lairs, And birds their down - y nests,

But the Son of God Hath not where to lay His head.

MORE LIKE THEE.

79

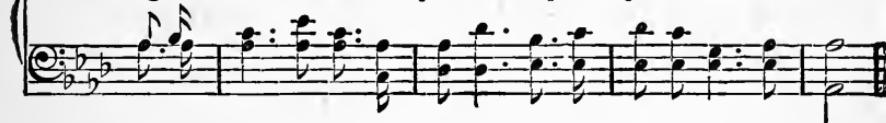
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je-sus, Sa-viour, great Ex-am-ple, Pat-tern of all pu-ri-ty,
2. Lest I wan-der from thy path-way, Or my feet move wea-ri-ly,
3. When temptations fiercely low-er, And my shrinking soul would flee,



I would fol-low in thy foot-steps, Dai-ly growing more like thee.
 Sa-viour, take my hand and lead me. Keep me steadfast: more like thee.
 Change each weakness in-to pow-er, Keep me spotless: more like thee.



CHORUS.



More like thee, more like thee. Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall

More like thee, More like thee.



be, Day by day, where'er I stray, Make me more and more like thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
 And thy beauties none may see,
 May thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,
 In effulgence shine through me.—*Cho.*

5 When death's cold, repulsive finger
 Leaves its impress on my brow,
 May thy life within me swelling,
 Keep me singing then as now.—

IMMORTAL KING.

A. C. H. SEYMOUR.

Religiously.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Je - sus, im- mor - tal King! a - rise, Rise and as- sert thy sway!
2. Ride forth, vic- to - rious Conqueror! ride Till all thy foes sub- mit,
3. Send forth thy word, and let it fly This gra-cious earth a - round,
4. From sea to sea, from shore to shore, May Je-sus be a-dored,

Till earth, subdued, its trib - ute bring, And dis - tant lands o - bey.
 And all the pow'rs of hell re - sign Their tro - phies at thy feet.
 Till ev - ry soul beneath the sun Shall hear the joy - ful sound.
 And earth, with all her mill - ions, shout Ho - san - nas to the Lord.

CHORUS.

King of glo - ry! King of glo - ry!
 Rise, King of glo - ry! Rise, mighty King!

King of glo - ry! Rise and as - sert thy sway.
 Rise, King of glo - ry! Rise, mighty King!

THE PILGRIMS' PROMISE.

81

ALBERT MIDLANE.

With spirit.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a Friend for friend-less pil - grims A - bove the bright blue sky, A
2. There's a rest for wea - ry pil - grims A - bove the bright blue sky, Who
3. There's a home for home-less pil - grims A - bove the bright blue sky, Where
4. There's a crown for faith - ful pil - grims A - bove the bright blue sky, And

Friend who never chang - es; Whose love will never die.
love the blessed Sa-viour, And to their Fa-ther cry;
Je-sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.
all who look to Je - sus Shall wear it by - and-by;

Un-like our friends by
A rest from ev' - ry
No home on earth is
A crown of brightest

nature, Who change with changing years This friend is always worthy The
trou - ble, From sin and hun-ger free. There ev' - ry wea - ry pil-grim Shall
like it, Nor can with it com-pare; For ev' - ry one is hap-py, Nor
glo - ry, Which he shall sure bestow, On all who love the Saviour, And

precious name he bears. This friend is always worthy The precious name he bears.
rest e-ter-nal - ly. There ev' - ry wea-ry pil-grim Shall rest e-ter-nal- ly.
can be happier there. For ev' - ry one is hap-py Nor can be happier there.
walk with him below. On all who love the Saviour, And walk with him below.

HALLELUJAH!

A. H. M.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! God our Fa - ther, Now our thankful voic - es raise,
 2. For a pur - er, sweet-er free-dom Than our fa - ther's sires e'er saw;
 3. For the ar - mies of the faith-ful, 'Neath the gos- pel flag unfurled,

In a song of ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy blessing all our days;
 For our lib - er - ty of wor-ship Un - restrain'd by let or law;
 In Thy name, who seek the conquest Of the Kingdoms of this world;

For cre - a - tion vast and love - ly, For sal - va - tion full and free;
 For the free- dom of the Spir- it Where-with Christ makes all men free;
 For their still in - creas-ing ar - dor, Cen - tu - ries can nev-er cool;

For each year of crowning har - vest, Wav-ing field and la - den tree.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God to Thee.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God of Church and Sunday-School.

GLAD CHRISTMAS TIME.

83

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Spirited.

1. Mer-ry, mer-ry bells are ring-ing In sil-ver chime, Round the world again is
 2. Mer-ry, mer-ry lips are sing-ing His prais-es now, Grateful hearts their tribute
 3. Mer-ry, mer-ry bells still ring-ing In silver chime, Round the world still winging,

wing-ing, That hallowed time; When the Child of sa-cred sto-ry,
 bring-ing, Be-fore Him bow; Countless homes His sweet peace sharing,
 bring-ing, Glad Christmas time; Till the sto-ry of the man-ger

Came down to earth: And the shining hosts of glo-ry Sang at His birth.
 The hol-ly twine, And the sacred shrine is wear-ing The palm and pine.
 All nations tell, And they crown the Child the Stranger Em-man-u-el.

CHORUS.

Mer-ry, mer-ry bells are ring-ing In sil-ver chime;
 Round the world a-gain is wing-ing Glad Christmas time.

HALLELUJAH TO THE LORD.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.

I. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord! See Christ in glo - ry rise,

cres.

Death nev - er can ap - pall us, Because Hell's strong bonds are broken,

Christ rose to-day, He bring-eth life, He bringeth life and peace.

Rall. > FINE.

Behold Him! He cometh forth in might, while angel guards watch o'er the empty tomb:

Blest Je-sus, Thou mighty Conqueror, Thy vict'ry bringeth immor-tal - i - ty.

D. C. *al fine.*

GOING UP TO ZION.

85

A. S. DOUGHTY.

Lively.

GEO. C. HUGG.

4. On-ward, pil-grim, don't de-lay; Go re-joic-ing on the way
 2. In the way mark'd out of old, Fol-low line of du-ty bold;
 3. Each step for-ward, up or down, Met by scorn, re-buke, or frown,

cres.

Ris-ing high-er ev'-ry day, While trav'ling up to Zi-on.
 Then each dan-ger you be-hold, Will prove a chain-ed li-on.
 Brings us near-er to the crown We shall re-ceive in Zi-on.

CHORUS.

Go-ing up high-er, go-ing up high-er, High-er up to Zi-on;

Go-ing up high-er, high-er, high-er, To the cit-y of our God.

4 Sorrows and afflictions meet;
 Dangers threaten, trials greet;
 Fear not! Jesus guides the feet,
 And points the way to Zion.—*Chorus.*

5 On the mount His praise prolong;
 Pass the gloomy vale with song;
 Richest blessings ever throng
 The pilgrim's way to Zion.—*Chorus.*

G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.



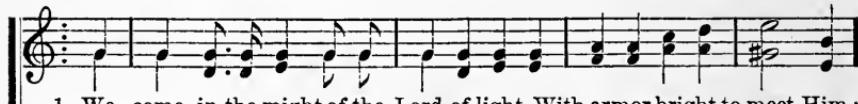
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,



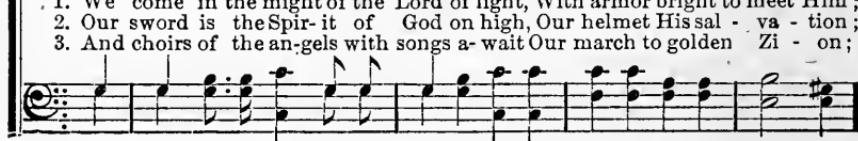
With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His



ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly His arm



1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With armor bright to meet Him ;
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our helmet His sal - va - tion ;
3. And choirs of the an-gels with songs a - wait Our march to golden Zi - on ;



WE MARCH TO VICTORY.—Concluded. 87

And put to flight the hosts of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him,
 Our ban-ner is the bless-ed cross, And our watch-word, the In-car-na-tion,
 Our Captain's broke the bra-zen gates, And hath bursted the bars of i - ron,

CHORUS.

The sons of the day may greet Him. } Our watch-word, the In-car - na-tion. } We march, we march to victory, With the
 And bursted the bars of i - ron. }

cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His loving eye looking down from the sky,

1st & 2d. Last time.

And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

GREAT KING OF GLORY, COME.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Maestoso.

1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with Thy fav - or crown
 2. Here may Thine ears at - tend Our in - ter-ced - ing cries,
 3. Here may the list' - ning throng Re - ceive Thy truth in love;

This tem - ple as Thy home,..... This
 And grate - ful praise as - cend,..... Like
 Here Chris - tians join the song..... Oi

peo - ple as Thine own: Be - neath this roof, O
 in - cense to the skies: Here may Thy soul - con -
 the re - deem'd a - bove; Till all, who hum - bly

deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.
 - vert - ing word With faith be preached, in faith be heard.
 seek Thy face, Re - joice in Thy a - bound-ing grace.

* Two Altos and Tenors.

HOME OVER THE RIVER.

89

A. S. DOUGHTY.

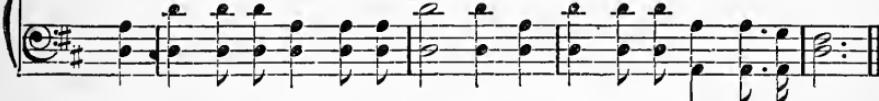
GEO. C. HUGG.



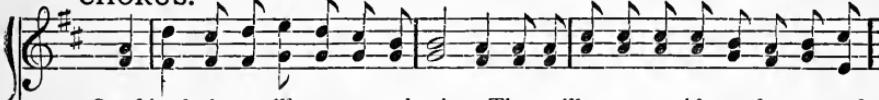
1. All our conflicts will here soon be end-ed, As pilgrims no longer we'll roam.
2. In that home we shall never hear sigh-ing; For sin nev-er tainted the air;
3. We shall dwell in the light of the glo - ry Of Him who once died to redeem;



In triumph we'll pass the dark riv - er, And join with our loved ones at home.
Nor feel the dread anguish of dy - ing; For all are im - mor-tal when there.
There oft we'll repeat the old sto - ry; And drink of the life-giv-ing stream.



CHORUS.



Our friends there will meet us at the river; They will greet us with a welcome on the



shore. With the angels we will view the golden city, And with saints we will dwell evermore.



- 4 We shall roam the blest fields near the river;
And gaze on the glories displayed;
Sing praise to the boüntiful Giver;
And feast 'neath the Tree of Life's shade.—*Chorus.*

- 5 When we're safe in that beautiful city,
With friends and the loved ones of yore,
The scenes of earth's sorrow and pity
Will there be remembered no more.—*Chorus.*

HE IS RISEN.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Moderato.

1. He is ris - en, an - gels say, By His op - en tomb to - day;
 2. Christ is ris - en from the dead, He hath robbed the grave of dread;
 3. "Christ is ris - en, do not fear," An-gels speak those words of cheer,

And the bless - ed truth they bear, Shall our cheer - ful song de - clare. ♫
 Death has lost its cru - el sting, Grate-ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing.
 Words with hope and joy re - plete, Words our stir - ring strains re - peat.

CHORUS.

He is ris - en, An-gels cry! ♫ He is ris - en, we re - ply!

Let the gra- cious mes- sage sound, All the spa - cious earth a - round.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

91

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Praise the great Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His name, In a song of
 2. Serve the Lord with gladness, With the heart and voice, For He reigns for -
 3. He the "Man of Sor - row Conquer'd all our foes, From the last dread

tri- umph Sound aloud His fame; For the vast cre- a- tion Speaks the sov'reign
 ev - er Let the earth re-joice; O true deep compas sion Fond pa-ren-tal
 con- flict Vic-tor He a - rose. Praise the gracious Giv-er For this mighty

might, Let His loy - al chil - dren In His praise de - light.
 care, Gave His Well- Be - lov - ed Hu-man life to share.
 Friend, In tri-ump-hant cho - rus Let our prais - es blend.

CHORUS.

Praise the great Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His Name,

In a song of tri - umph Sound a - loud His fame.

THERE'S A SONG IN MY HEART.

Miss ETTA CLOUD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a glo - ri - ous song, It is
 2. Once I sat by the way - side, in doubt and de-spair, I was
 3. When I drank from the won - der - ful fount - ain near by, I was

filled be-yond meas-ure with peace, 'Tis full of a joy that I
 wea - ry and worn with the heat, I was hun - gry and thirs - ty and
 saved and the stran-ger I knew, It was Christ the Re-deem - er; His

can - not re-press, And its rap - ture must ev - er in-crease. I have
 could not go on, For the high - way was rough to my feet. Then I
 blood is the fount That will give life to me and to you. Will you

heard of a won - der - ful fountain of life, I have test-ed its pow - er to
 gave up to die, when I heard a sweet voice,Saying, "Drink of the water I
 come? He is call - ing and of - fer-ing life, Will you take what He freely will

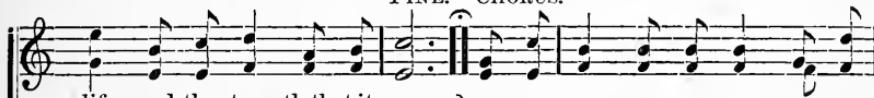
Rit.

THERE'S A SONG IN MY HEART—Concluded.93



save, And my soul glo - ri - fied shall re - joice ev - er - more, For the give." And be - hold, by the way - side a foun - tain, I saw And a give? Without mon - ey or gift will you come now to Christ; Will you

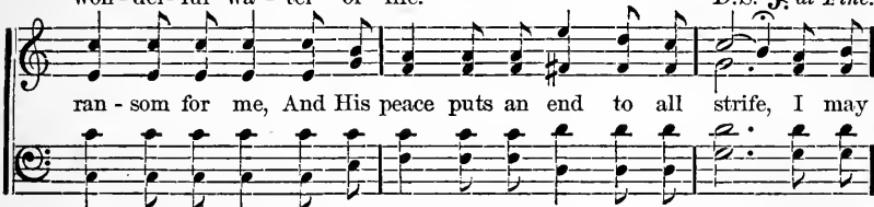
D.S.—take, if I will, I may drink to my fill Of the FINE. CHORUS.



life and the strength that it gave. stran - ger who said, "Drink and live." } O His blood, full and free, is a drink of the wa - ter and live?

won - der - ful wa - ter of life.

D.S.  al Fine.

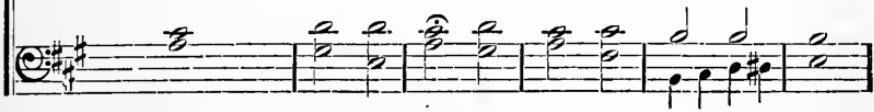


GLORIA PATRI.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.



As it was in the beginning, ev - er shall be, World with- out end. A - men!



KEEP IN THE LINE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol - diers for Je - sus, rise, and a - way, Hark! 'tis the war-cry
 2. Sol - diers for Je - sus, hap - py are we; He, our Protect - or,
 3. Sol - diers for Je - sus, glad - ly we go Smil - ing at dan - ger,
 4. Sol - diers for Je - sus, vic - 'try is nigh, Work till we gain it,

sound - ing to - day; Lo! our Comman - der calls from the skies:
 near us will be, Trust in His mer - cy, change-less di - vine;
 brav - ing the foe, Bright are our land - marks, bright - ly they shine;
 rest by and by; Oh! let our cour - age nev - er de - cline;

CHORUS.

For - ward to con - quest, lose not the prize!
 March on with firm - ness, keep in the line.
 March on re - joic - ing, keep in the line.
 March on with bold - ness, keep in the line. } Now like an ar - my

march - ing a - long Fear - less and faith - ful, va - liant and strong,

Up with our banners, brightly they shine; March on together, keep in the line.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

95

ST. CASIMER.

1 Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
 2 Christ is ris - en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho - ly harvest field.
 3 Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en; Shed up - on us heav'nly grace,
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 Which will all its full a - bund - ance At his sec - ond coming yield;
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glo - ry From the brightness of thy face;
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - iour, Who has gained the vic - to - ry;

He, who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be - fore him wave,
 That we, with our hearts in hea - ven, Here on earth may fruit - ful be,
 Al - le - lu - ia to the spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 Ripened by his glo - rious sunshine From the fur - rows of the grave.
 And by An - gel-hands be gathered, And be ev - er, Lord, with thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Maj - es - ty.

CHRISTMAS EVENING SONG.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Now the christmas light is fad - ing, And its lat - est shad - ows fall:—
2. Each to his ap - point-ed sta - tion In the world of ac - tion goes;
3. Var - ied are life's joys and sor - rows, Heart should beat for hu - man heart;
4. Yes, the christmas light is fad - ing, But God's love and truth re - main:

May life gain new in - spi - ra - tion, Peace, good-will a - bide with all.
 May he win a sure en - dur - ance, From the strength this day be - stows.
 May we learn wise min - is - tra - tion From the truths these hours im - part.
 May we in His Son a - bid - ing, Light and life e - ter - nal gain.

CHORUS.

On-ward from this joy - ful ser - vice, With a song our foot - steps bend;

JESUS WALKS THE WAVES TO THEE. 97

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Suff'rer, tossed in ment - al anguish, Buf - fet - ed on life's dark sea,
 2. Thro' the darkness, thick with ter - ror, Let not fear dis - tress thee sore,
 3. Seems it strange that stormy bil - lows At his presence should subside?

Oh, do not de-spair-ing languish, Je - sus walks the waves to thee;
 What though e - vil spir - its crowd thee, Christ is near - er ev - er-more;
 Stranger still that at his bid - ding Loaves and fish-es mul - ti - plied?

Toil in row - ing thro' the midnight, Ply thy stroke with firm - er hand,
 Still a - fraid and won - der strick-en, Do thine eyes to fear in - cline?
 Nay, for shame, poor trembling weakness, He is near - er than thy fears;

Fine.

Not the bil - lows' dread commo - tion Can his word of peace withstand.
 Nay, what im - age wouldst thou lik - en To that hu - man form di - vine?
 Stronger than thy doubts his meekness, On - ly thy dis - tress he hears.

D. S.—Haste to his almighty shelt - er, Je - sus walks the waves to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus walks the waves, my brother, Ev - er o'er life's storm - y sea;

98 MY SAVIOUR DWELLS IN HEAVEN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. My Saviour dwells in heav - en, And I shall go there too, This
 2. I want to see my Je - sus, And meet him face to face, I'll
 3. I want to see the glo - ry The an-gels have a - bove, And
 4. So, when my days are clos - ing, And twi-light shadows fall, I

promise he has giv - en, And well I know 'tis true; It was for me he
 go with love and meekness, He'll save me by his grace; I know that he is
 sing with them the sto - ry Of Jesus' wondrous love; I want to praise my
 want to be re - pos - ing On Christ my all in all; And when the morning

suf - fered, It was for me he died, It was for me he rose a - gain And
 wait - ing Up - on the oth - er shore, For in his ho - ly book he says He'll
 Mak - er For - ev - er, ev - er - more, With - in my hand a harp of gold, Like
 wak - ens In that ce - lestial home, I'll live thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, And

CHORUS.

open'd heav - en wide. Then, brother, will you go with me, Go with me,
 bear us safe - ly o'er.
 those who've gone before.
 nev - er more will roam.

go with me? Oh, sis - ter, will you go with me, The Lord invites you, too?

TRUST THE FATHER.

99

LAURA E. NEWELL.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Car - ry all your woe to Je - sus, Cast your cares upon the One
 2. When the ti-ny buds are tak - en To transplant in fair-er clime,
 3. When we trust His word of promise, And it holds for us such charms,
 4. Near-er, dearest heav'ly Father, Let us lean up-on Thy breast;

Who is guiding still in pit - y
 When the ripen'd grain is ly - ing
 Can we tremble when beneath us
 Let us feel Thine arms a-bout us,

All who trust him 'neath the sun;
 Prostrate by the hand of time,
 Are the ev-er-last-ing arms?
 For as children we would rest;

Tho' He chastens,'tis in mer - cy,
 When the ones we fain would cher-ish
 Can we not ac-cept His meas-ures
 We would feel Thy presence ev - er

For He do-eth all things well;
 Leave for Par-a-dise and home,
 With a trusting, thankful heart,
 O - ver-shad-ow-ing the way,

O ! His boundless love to save us
 Can we ev-er moan or mur- mur
 Tho' He metes out joy and sor - row
 'Till the storms of life are end - ed,

None may fathom, none can tell.
 Though in sadness we must roam?
 As our portion, as our part?
 And the mists all clear'd away.

MARY A. MCKEE.

Slow and with expression.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim stranger, A narrow way at
 2. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim, wea - ry, Persue your way with
 3. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim broth - er, Your cross and crown is

best, and full of dan - ger; A - rise, depart, Oh! wea - ry heart, His
 zest, though lone and dreary; Then haste away, Nor pine to stay, The
 blest, then seek no oth - er; A - rise, with joy, All doubt distroy, We'll

CHORUS.

way leads to the cross and from the manger. But there is a way, a
 dawn of day is bright with hope, and cheery.
 sing his praise in meeting one an - oth - er.

Beau - ti - ful way, The redeemed of the Lord shall traverse one day; No

lion is there: No shadow of care Shall over the path of the ransomed ones stray.

FREEDOM IN CHRIST.

101

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Free as a bird that escapes from the net, Leav-ing the snare that the
 2. Free from the cloud that enveloped the law, Bathed in the light that the
 3. Glo - ry to God! for our sentence is stayed, All is fulfilled, and the

fowl - er has set; Sing hal - le - lu - jah! he can - cels our debt,—
 proph - ets foresaw, He our Redeem - er to him all will draw;
 sac - ri - fice made; Pre - cious and price - less, un - measured, unweighed,

CHORUS.

All the demands of the law have been met. Free from the bondage and
 Come and be - hold him with rapture and awe.
 Am - ple a - tonement! our ransom is paid!

ser - vice of sin, Free from the lab - or, the strife, and the din; Free from the

fetters that bound us so long, We will rejoice in the Lord great and strong.

102 **HOLY FATHER, WE ADORE THEE.**

E. F. STEWART.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, we a - dore thee, And all hon - or to thee give,
 2. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou didst love us, E'en while wand'ring far from thee,
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, send thy Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry waiting heart,



For the blessings, without num - ber, Free - ly grant-ed while we live.
 And didst send the bles - sed Sav - iour, For a sac - ri - fice to be.
 And let all re - ceive with fa - vor What will prove the bet - ter part.



In our youth - ful days thy mer - cy Like a riv - er calm - ly flows,
 In a man - ger low they laid him, 'Mid the beasts with - in the stall;
 While to thee, with tuneful voic - es, Sweetest prais - es we will sing,



And in rip - er years ne'er fail-ing As the so - lace of our woes.
 An - gels guarding the Redeem - er, Who sal - vation brought to all.
 Heav'n and earth, in one grand cho - rus, Loudest hal - le - lu - jahs ring.



THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS. 103

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

Moderato Quasi Allegretto.

GOONOD.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight, Thy unction grace be - stow - eth,

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-
And O the trans-port of de - light With which my cup o'er-

ev - er. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My
flow - eth! And so, through all the length of days, Thy

ran-somed soul He lead - eth, And, where the ver - dant past - ures grow,
good-ness fail - eth nev - er; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise

With food ce - les - tial feed - eth. The King of Love my Shepherd is!
With-in Thy house for-ev - er! The King of Love my Shepherd is!

M. E. SERVOSS.

Solo. *Andante.*

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 Quench not the Spir-it, Turn not a-way, Ten - der-ly, earnest-ly,
 2 Com - fort He bringeth, Her - ald of peace, While He di-rects thy way
 3 Quench not the Spir-it, Now He is near; Heav - en-sent Comforter,

Pleads He to-day; Yield not thy heart Lest He depart,
 Wand'ring shall cease; Oh, may His power Aid ev' - ry hour,
 My soul to cheer; Close by thy side Bid Him a-bide,

And at thy lat - er call An - swers thee nay.
 From each be - set-ting sin Grant sweet re-lase.
 While He thy guest shall be What shalt thou fear?

Chorus.—Quartette.

Come, Ho - ly

Spir - it, Com - fort - er, Friend, Warn me from the paths of sin,

Help Thou me life's race to win; Guide to the end, Guide to . . . the end.

JEWEL. 7s.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

- 1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy!
- 2 Fount-ain of o'er-flow-ing grace! Free-ly from Thy full-ness give;
- 3 Firm-ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my breast con-found;
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky;

Still in Thee let me be found; Still for Thee my pray'rs em - ploy.
 Till I close my earth-ly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."
 Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
 Haviug known it "Christ to live," Let me know it "gain to die."

Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

1 We are pilgrims and strangers below, Surround - ed with sorrow and care,
 2. To Canaan's fair climes we are bound, So beau - tiful, healthful and pure,
 3 How sweet it will be to be there, With Jesus and friends, ever-more;

To the land of sweet promise we go, Our treasures and hearts are now there.
 Where pleasures un-dy - ing abound, And friendships forev - er endure

A - way from all sor - row and care, In-our home on the ev - ergreen shore.

CHORUS

O, come, will you come and go with us there? O, come, will you

come, our plea - sures to share? Your friends are now wait - ing; oh,

why will you roam? O, come and go with us, and greet them at home.

LOV'ST THOU JESUS?

107

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Art thou in thy spir - it low - ly, Like the Man of Naz - a - reth?
 2. Hath the wa - ter trick-led on thee? Or hast thou been plung'd below?
 3. Is thy bo - som full of sor - row? Is a cloud up - on thy way?

Art thou seek - ing to be whol - ly Join'd to Him—come life or death?
 Have a Bish - op's hands up - on thee Lain as soft as fall-ing snow?
 Why the worldling's bur - den bor - row? Child of grace and promise, say!

Lov'st thou Je-sus? Lov'st thou Je-sus More than thine own vi - tal breath?
 Lov'st thou Je-sus? Lov'st thou Je-sus? This a - lone 'twere wise to know.
 Lov'st thou Je-sus? Lov'st thou Je-sus? Joy should be thy guest to - day.

Chorus.

Lov'st thou Je - sus? Lov'st thou Je - sus More than all the world be - side?

Lov'st thou Je - sus, Christ thy Sav - iour, Lamb of God, the Cru - ci - fied?

AT JESUS' FEET.

M. E. SERVOSS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With *feeling.*

1 I have found a rest oom-plete
 2 Sinners come, there's room for all,
 3 Here is par - don for each sin,

For a wea - ry, troubled soul,
 From thy heav - y load be freed;
 Here is mer - cy, sure and free;

Where the hil - lows of life's sea Nev - er o'er the spir - it roll;
 Come, ye friend-less, wea - ry one, Find a Friend for ev' - ry need;
 Hear Him, o'er thy heart's wild din, Sweet - ly call - ing: "Come to me;"

At the feet of Him who came, Took oursins, and bore our shame,
 Wea - ry, troubled, and op - pressed, All may find e - ter - nal rest
 Come—with all thy sin and fear, Lay thy ev' - ry bur - den here,

At the feet of Je - sus slain, At the feet of Je - sus.
 With that Sav - iour, ev - er blest, At the feet of Je - sus.
 And in joy complete ap - pear At the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

At His feet, oh, bless-ed spot! His
At His feet, oh, bless-ed spot!

love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je-sus.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be thy name,
2 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . them that trespass a - gainstus.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, A - men.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Lis - ten! o'er the plains of Ju - dah, Mu-sic wakes the starlight night;
 2. For this fa - vored time, the promise, Of the wait - ing years ful-fils,
 3. Yes, the Child in yon-der manger Is the Son of God most High -
 4. Earth, re - peat the wondrous sto - ry, Own the Child your righful King;



Voi - ces of the an-gels sing-ing, Chorals through the vaulted hight.
 As the si - lence of the starlight, With the an - gels' cho-rus thrills.
 And the an - gel host a-dore Him, Sing-ing sweet - ly thro' the sky.
 Let the cho - rus of the an - gels, In its truth and sweetness ring.



p CHORUS.



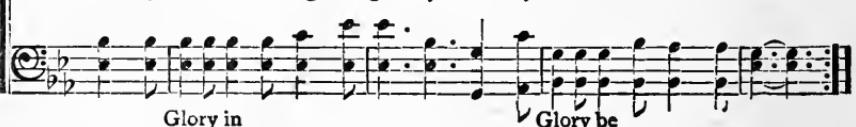
Peace on earth! O melt-ing sto - ry; God and heav'n to men draws nigh;



Peace on earth

God and Heav'n

Glo - ry in the high-est glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high.



Glory in

Glory be

GOD IS LOVE.

111

J. BOWRING.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan-eth nev-er: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love! Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wis-dom, God is love.

M. E. SERVOSS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We will sweet-ly sing on the gold-en shore, Where all is joy and
 2. We are sure our Fa-ther knows all our need, Each heartache, pain, and
 3. We will sing of Je - sus, our Sa-vicur-King, Whose wondrous love is

gladness; Forevermore with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sadness.
 sor-row; So in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the mor-row.
 o'er us; Who guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain before us.

CHORUS.

Then a - long the way, the Lord's highway, With voi-ces clear and

ring - ing, We'll shout hosan-na as we go, And en-ter Zi-on sing - ing.

4.

We will sing of heaven,—our nome above,
 With all its joy and glory;
 And to the world, where'er we go,
 We'll tell salvation's story.

BLEST JESUS, PLEAD FOR ME.

113

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.



1. When by sin and guilt o'er-tak-en, Sinks my heart, of all for-sak-en;
2. When the way is rough and dreary, And my feet are worn and wea-ry;
3. When the pulse of life is fail-ing, Hu-man aid all un-a-vail-ing;



When no lips my cause is pleading, And my soullies pierc'd and bleeding.

When the tempter mocks my sor-row, Whispers I shall fall to-mor-row.

Till I pass thro' heav'n's own portal, Reach the joys which are immor-tal.



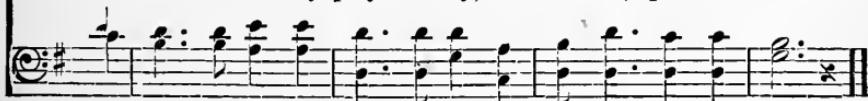
Chorus.



Sav - iour, Thou wilt hear my cry, Thou my help shalt be;



For Thou wilt not my pray'r de-ny, Blest Je-sus, plead for me.



ANNA McCLINTOCK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

songs of re-joic-ing, thanksgiving, and praise; The theme of our prais-es for-
 heart's warmest praises, His meet of - fer-ing; With blessings unnumbered our
 prostrate ourselves at the feet of our King; All glo - ry and hon- or to

CHORUS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.

115

A. S. DOUGHTY.

Spirited.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Life's closing hours pass sweetly by, Earth's pains are felt no more;
2. With trials and with conflicts past, And record placed on high,

To heav'n I now di - rect mine eye To view the shin-ing shore.
By faith I see the crown at last, And vict'-ry drawing nigh.

CHORUS.

Home - ward, home - ward, Home to the shin-ing shore;
On - ward, up - ward, we are marching,

Home - ward, home - ward, Home to the shin - ing shore.
On - ward, up - ward, we are marching.

3 The parting veil reveals the tide,
Where on the margin wait
My friends redeemed, the glorified,
To sweep me through the gate.

4 As Nature sinks in Death's embrace,
So will my spirit rise
Triumphant through redeeming grace,
To rest in Paradise.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Ye mortals, awake with grateful song, A-way with sorrow and gloom;
2. Ye heav-en- ly gates your bars un-fold, Ye choirs ce- les - tial sing;
3. When none could for guilt and sin a-tone, None save a ruin-ed world;
4. O sin- ner, He gave His life for thee; Canst thou not yet be - lieve?



Let mu - sic her joy - ful notes prolong, For sin-uers are com- ing home.
 While pen - i-tents, weary, faint and cold, Their burdens to Je - sus bring.
 'Twas Je - sus, whose mighty pow'r alone, Our foe to de- struc-tion hurled.
 A par - don is wait-ing, full and free; Ac - cept it, and thou shalt live.



Refrain.



Re - joice, sal - va - tion is free, For sin - ners there is room;



The Sav-iour's wait-ing to wel - come thee, O will you come.



ALIVE IN CHRIST.

117

REV. ISAAC N. WILSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 A - live in Christ! oh, hap - py day When from the death of sin I rose;
2 A - live in Christ! I grow in grace, And joy - ous tread the upward road;
3 'Tis done, complete in Christ I stand; All for-mer joys are lost in this,—

Sweet was the new birth's glorious thrill, And day by day 'tis sweet - er still,
Hold - ing communion sweet with God, I pass the mys - tic vales of sin:
The deep, subdued sub-du - ing bliss, Lord I am naught : thou, thou, art all,

A - live in Christ! my spir - it glows And my glad heartsings on its way,
A - live in Christ! yes, all with - in Is purged from guilt and pu - ri - fied;
May thy sweet peace for-ev - er fall On me, for my poor will is gone,

As it recounts the wondrous word That reconciled me to my Lord.
I clos - er seek my Sa - viour's side, And joy to see his smil - ing face.
Thine is the best, let thine be done; For so I loveth thee, O my God.

FRANK FOREST.

H. R. PALMER.



1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,
 2. Flow'rs for-ev - er are spring - ing In that home so fair,
 3. Soon shall I join that an - them Far be - yond the sky;



Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev - er are dimm'd by night;
 Thousands of children are sing - ing Prais - es to Je - sus there;
 Je - sus be - came my ran - som, Whys should I fear to die?



White-rob'd an - gels are sing - ing Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
 How they swell the glad au - thems Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
 Soon my eyes will be - hold Him Seat-ed up - on the bright throne,



When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
 When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
 Then, O then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!



Refrain.

Home, beau-ti - ful home,..... Bright, beau-ti - ful home ;.....
Beauti- ful home, Beauti- ful home ;

My days are gliding swiftly by.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever! O forever! [home,

There is a land of pure delight.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

M. E. SERVOSS.
Tenderly.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hoping in Je - sus, hoping in Je - sus, He is my
 2. Trusting in Je - sus, trusting in Je - sus, He is my

Sav - iour, He is my all; Hoping in Je - sus, hoping in
 Rock, my Ref-uge, my Rest; Trusting in Je - sus, trust-ing in

Je - sus, Willyou not come when you hear Hissweet call? See He is
 Je - sus, Ye who will trust Him shall ev - er be blest Will you not

waiting; hark!he is call - ing, "Come unto Me," all ye weary ones, come."
 seek Him? will you not love him? Je-sus the Sav - iour who died for yoursin.

Lean on His arm, and He will pro - tect thee, Guide thee through
 Knock at the door, it quickly will op - en, And Je - sus

life to thy heaven-ly home, Lean on His arm, and He will pro-
glad - ly will welcome you in, Knock at the door, it quickly will

ritard.

tect thee, Guide thee through life to thy heaven - ly home.
o - pen, And Je - sus glad - ly will welcome you in.

3 Resting in Jesus, resting in Jesus,
He is my Guide, my Shepherd my Life;
Resting in Jesus, resting in Jesus,
You who would rest from your trouble and strife,
Flee to Him now, and He will receive you,
Rest in his love, and your guide He will be,
Peace He will give to all who will ask it,
Come to Him now, for His mercy is free.

WEBER. 7s.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEBER.

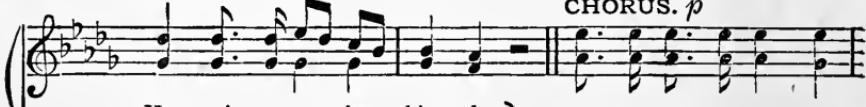
1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserv'd for me?
2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long pro - volk'd Him to His face;
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sigh no more.

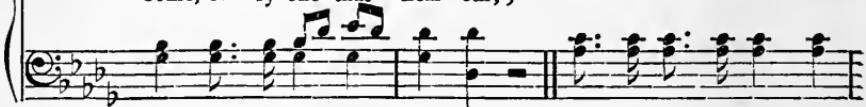
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Ho, ev'-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho, ev'-ry one that thirsteth,
 2. Come, saith the Ho - ly Spir - it; Come, saith the Ho - ly Spir - it;
 3. Come, ev'-ry one that hear - eth; Come, ev'-ry one that hear - eth;

CHORUS. *p*

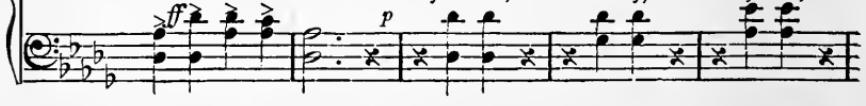
Ho, ev'-ry one that thirst-eth, } Come, saith the Ho - ly Spir - it; } Come ye to the wa - ter,
 Come, ev'-ry one that hear - eth; }



Come ye to the wa - ters, Come ye to the wa - ters. He that hath no money,



Come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come and buy; Buy wine and



milk without money, without money and with out price.



and milk

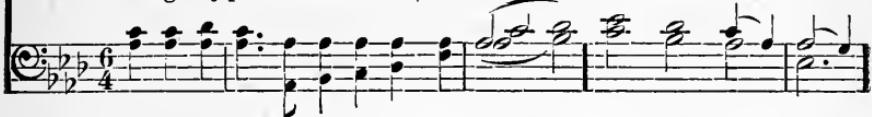
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

123

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev- er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home,
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

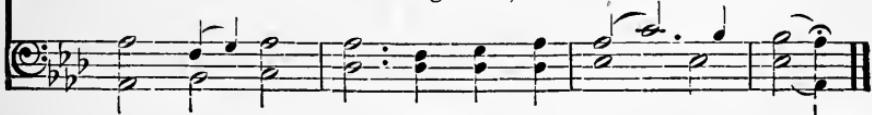
Lead Thou me on.
Lead Thou me on.
The night is gone,



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.



BETHESDA.

MARY A. MCKEE.

Slowly and with great expression.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I come, O Lord, when troubled waves are stir - ring The
 2. I come, O Lord, when mer - cy is ex - tend - ed, And
 3. I come, O Lord, though oth - ers may be hast - ing With

heal - ing fount that cures the touch of sin; I
 an - gel wings are brood - ing soft - ly o'er The
 strong - er steps to seek the way of life; I

come in hope, no faint - ness then de - ter - ring, But
 ways of sin, that I had once de - fend - ed, I
 come in faith, no pre - cious mo - ment wast - ing, While

there are none, O Lord, to help me in.
 leave them all, and with I can do no more.
 earth and heav'n and love and peace are rise.

Help me in, Help me in!
Help me in, Help me in! I am tir - ed now of
Inst.

Help me in,..... Help me in!.....

sin; Oh! help me in, Oh! help me in, I may life e- ter - nal win!

TRUSTING.

P. P.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Thou art ho - ly, Thou art just; On Thy name a - lone I trust;
2. Oh, for grace to love Thee more, And Thy pre - cepts to a - dore;
3. Be my ref - uge and my strength In my want whilst life pre-vail,
4. Then, when at Thy throne I stand, With the blood-washed gone before,

All I have to Thee I give; I be - hold Thy face and live.
Teach me, Lord, to watch and pray, That my soul goes not a - stray.
Then with Thee, in heav'n, at length, I will be when life shall fail.
In that bright, ce-les - tial land, I will praise Thee ev - er-more.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

Earnestly.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, Come, to the liv - ing stream,
 2. Come, sin - ner, Je - sus calls you, Come, and He will for - give;
 3. O bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion! To ev - 'ry sin - ner giv'n;

Come without price or mon-ey, For Je-sus did redeem! Come, fill your emp-ty
 Come, take this free salva-tion, Come, and your soul shall live; Come, seek your soul's Re-
 O well of liv - ing wa-ter! O blessed home in heav'n! Yes, I will come, my

ves - sels, Come, for the feast is spread, Come, who-so - ev - er hungers
 deem - er, Seek while He may be found; Call while He still is near thee,
 Sav - iour, Just as I am to Thee, My life, my all I of - fer

CHORUS.

For Christ, the living bread. } Come, hear the gospel sound. } Come to the flow - ing fountain, Your emp-ty
 Come, hear the gospel sound. } Thine ev - er-more to be. }

ves - sels fill, Come ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, Come, who-so-ev - er will.

IN THY GREAT NAME, O LORD, WE COME.127

HOSKINS.

LOUIS SPOHR.

1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come, To worship at Thy feet;
2. Teach us to pray and praise, and hear And understand Thy word;
3. Let sinners, Lord, Thy goodness prove, And saints rejoice in Thee;

Oh, pour Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
To feel Thy bliss-ful pres- ence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.
Let reb - els be sub - due d by love, And to the Sav-iour flee.

We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Sav-iour's voice:
Here let Thy pow'r and grace be felt; Thy love and mer - ey known;
This house with grace and glo-ry fill, This con - gre - ga - tion bless;

Thy face and fav - or, Lord, we seek, Now make our hearts re - joice.
Our i - ey hearts, dear Je - sus, melt, And break this flint - y stone.
Thy great sal - va - tion now re - veal, Thy glo-rious righteousness.

Thy face and fav - or, Lord, we seek, Now make our hearts re - joice.
Our i - ey hearts, dear Je - sus, melt, And break this flint - y stone.
Thy great sal - va - tion now re - veal, Thy glo-rious righteousness.

ENGLISH.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 All my doubts I give to Je - sus: I've his gra - cious promise heard.
 2 All my fears I give to Je - sus: Rest, my weary soul, on him!
 3 All my sin I lay on Je - sus: He doth wash me in his blood;
 4 All in all I have in Je - sus: Poor, yet rich as cher - u - bim;

I shall nev - er be confounded;
 Though my way be hid in dark - ness,
 He will keep me pure and ho - ly;
 Ig - no - rant and full of weakness,

I am trust - ing in his word.
 Never can his light grow dim.
 He will bring me home to God.
 Heav'n's own store I find in him.

Trusting, sole - ly trusting, Trusting in his word:

Trusting, sole - ly trusting, I'm trust - ing in his word.

Repeat pp

EASTER BELLS.

129

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Welcome, day of res - ur - rection, Thy tri-umph we will sing,
 2. 'Tis a theme that just - ly claim-eth, A car - ol glad and strong,
 3. Welcome, day of hope and prom-ise, All hail, exult - ant King!

And the bells a grate-ful tri - bute Of praise to thee shall bring.
 And the mer - ry bells shall ech - o, The meas - ure of our song.
 Bells and voi - ces sweet-ly join - ing, Thy wor - thy hon - or ring.

CHORUS.—*Voices in unison.*

ECHO. 8va.

Yes, the mer - ry bells are chim - ing,

ECHO. 8va.

The sweet - toned East - er bells;

Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, Their joy - ous cho - rus tells.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the
 2. For thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirs-ty soul doth
 3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, and he ll em-

chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.
 pine; Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou Majes-ty Di-vine?
 ploy His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.

CHORUS.

As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,
 As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,

When heat-ed in the chase, So longs my soul,
 streams; So longs my

Rit.

O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

soul, O God, for Thee.

HOLY BIBLE.

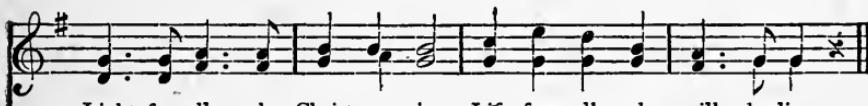
131

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



1 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine, Light and life in ev' - ry line;
2 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of truth! On - ly guide for age and youth;
3 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of God! For man-kind the on - ly code;
4 Ho - ly Bi - ble! spir - it's sword! Sto - ry of our bless-ed Lord;



Light for all who Christ re-ceive, Life for all who will be-lieve.
All who search are sure to find, Rest of soul and peace of mind.
All its laws we must o - bey, Heed its pre - cepts day by day.
Chart to guide me to the skies, Where a - waits the glo - ry-prize.



CHORUS.
Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless-ed book! Now by faith to thee I look;



O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the won-ders of thy word.



COME UNTO ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. "Come to Me, all ye so wea - ry!" I was wea - ry to de-spair,
 2. "Come to Me, ye heav - y la - den!" My sad heart was sore oppressed,
 3. All so anx - ious and so ea - ger Did I bend my list'ning ear,
 4. O! the bless - ed-ness of hear - ing, This sweet message to my soul,

And I longed for the green past-ures Of the heav'ly land so fair,
 And my bur - den was so griev - ous That the night brought me no rest,
 Lest some word of His dear mes - sage I should fail to catch or hear;
 Tho' the storms of life are tem - pests, And the bil - lows near me roll;

And I al - most caught a glimmer Of the ra - diance of the blest,
 'Till I cried, O bless-ed Fa - ther, In com - pas - sion so di - vine,
 I for - got my heav - y bur - den, I had laid it at His feet,
 Yet I lis - ten to His promise, To the words I love the best,

As un - to my heart He whisper'd, "Come to Me, I'll give you rest."
 Look Thou down in ten - der pit - y On this ach - ing heart of mine!
 In ex - change for it He'd giv - en Me a song so new, so sweet.
 "All ye wea - ry heav - y lad - en, Come to Me, I'll give you rest."

CHORUS.

And as mu - sic soft-ly stealth O'er the bil - lows of the sea,
 Thus up - on my troubled spir - it Fell those ac - cents, "Come to Me."

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews- of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a - hove.

C. WESLEY.

With great expression.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Thou Rock of my sal-va-tion, haste, Ex-tend Thine am-ple shade;
 2. De-fend me in this try-ing hour; My sure pro-tec-tion be;

And let it o-ver me be cast, To screen my nak-ed head.
 My shel-ter from the tempest's pow'r, Till I am fixed on Thee.

CHORUS.

In the Rock's bless-ed shadow, I am rest-ing, rest-ing, rest-ing;

In the Rock's blessed shadow, I am resting; Sweetly resting in its shade.

3 O set upon Thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand !
 From fierce temptation's rage and heat,
 Protect me with Thy hand.—*Chorus.*

4 Now let me in the cleft be placed,
 Nor my defence remove ;
 Within Thine arms of love embraced,
 Thine arms of endless love.—*Chorus.*

HARK! I HEAR THE ANGELS CALLING. 135

MISS MALONEY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Just be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, I've a home all fair and bright; An-gels
2. Though the pathway lies through sorrow, Dang-ers all a - long the way: Oh, there
3. Of-ten sad a-long the jour-ney, Thorns oppress my wea - ry feet; Yet my

guide me safe-ly over, Where they're clothed in robes of light. There bright sunbeams gild the
is a bright to - mor - row, Perfect bliss and end-less day. For we'll meet with many
watchword shall be on - ward, For my rest-ing-place is sweet. Soon I'll drop this robe of

path-way, Beams of pure eter - nal love, And sweet flowers bloom im-mor - tal, In the
loved ones Who have crossed the path before, Sing with them the songs immor - tal, On that
sad-ness, Sing no more earth's pilgrim song. Strike a high - er note of glad-ness, Gathered

CHORUS.

pilgrim's home a - bove, } glad and hap - py shore. } Hark! I hear the an-gels call - ing: Yes, they're recalling me
with a ho - ly throng.)

way, Far a - way be-yond the riv - er, Where my kin - dred spir - its` stay.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

English, Arr. by F. L. A.



1. Shall the earth now brown and bare New-made robes of ver- dure wear ?
 2. Shall the stream, now chill and slow Find its mer - ry limp- id flow ?
 3. Doth the grave, like win - ter's cold sure - ty of new life en - fold,



And the blos - soms hid from sight Rise a - gain to life and light ?
 Shall the cold and cheer-less plain Wave the rip - en'd, gold-en grain ?
 Life per-fect - ed, life that will Our in - creas - ing yearning fill ?



REFRAIN.



Trust and wait; O wait and trust; God hath said; He will, He must



Meet His promise, Soon or late: Wait and trust, O trust and wait.



WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

137

Arr. F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. We won't give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly Book of Truth ;
 2. We won't give up the Bi - ble For pleas-ure or for pain ;
 3. We won't give up the Bi - ble, But spread it far and wide,

The bless-ed staff of hoar - y age, The guide of ear-ly youth.
 We'll buy the truth, and sell it not, For all that we might gain.
 Un - til its sav-ing voice be heard Be-yond the roll-ing tide;

The sun that sheds a glorious light O'er ev - 'ry drear-y road ;
 Though men should try to take our prize, By guile or cru - el might,
 Till all shall know its gracious pow'r; We, with one voice and heart,

The book that shows a Saviour's love, And guides us home to God.
 We'd suf - fer all that man could do, — And God defend the right!
 Re - solve, that from God's ho - ly Word, We'll nev - er, nev - er part.

D. DICKSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Music for the first stanza. Treble and bass staves are shown. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

O Mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?

Music for the second stanza. Treble and bass staves are shown. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Music for the third stanza. Treble and bass staves are shown. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

O happy harbor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!

Music for the fourth stanza. Treble and bass staves are shown. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Music for the fifth stanza. Treble and bass staves are shown. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

Thy walls are made of pre-cious stone, Thy bul-warks dia-mond-square,
Oh, pass-ing hap-py were my state, Might I be wor-thy found

* Last eight bars arranged.

Thy gates are all of O-rient pearl; O God! if I were there.
To wait up-on my God and King, His prais-es there to sound.

THY MERCY'S DAY.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Lord, in this thy mer-cy's day, Ere it pass for aye away, on our
2. Holy Jesus, grant us tears, Fill our hearts with searching fears ere that

knees we fall and pray.
aw - ful day ap - pears. 3. Lord, on us thy Spir-it pour,

Rit.

Kneeling low - ly at the door, Ere it close for - ev - er - more.

Rit.

Je - sus go-ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe.
treading where the saints havetrod. We are not di - vi - ded : all one body we.

Je-sus constant will remain. Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail.
voi - ces in the triumph song. Glory, laud, and honor unto Christ the King.

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle see, his ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine: one in char - i - ty. } On-ward, Christian
We have Christ's own prom - ise, and that can-not fail. }
This thro' countless a - ges men and an-gels sing.

sol - diers! Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus go-ing on be - fore.

VICTORY! VICTORY!

141

Dr. J. C. CURRAN.

March movement.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Pass a-long the war-cry, sol-diers of the Lord; Gird a-new your ar-mor,
2. Fierce the bat-tle ra-ges, dead-ly is the strife; But the prize a-waits you,
3. Sa-tan's hosts are fly-ing, put to ut-ter rout; Hark! our valiant sol-diers

draw the trus-ty sword, March in ser-ried col-umn, shout-ing as you go,
"ev-er-last-ing life." Je-sus, your Command-er, gives you as you go,
raise their bat-tle-shout. Heav-en with the ech-o cheer-fully resounds,

CHORUS. > >

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! ov-er ev'-ry foe.
Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! ov-er ev'-ry foe.
Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! ov-er ev'-ry foe. } Pass a-long the war-cry,

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! Pass a-long the war-cry, Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!

Pass along the war-cry, Shout it as you go. Victory! vic-to-ry! ov-er ev'-ry foe.

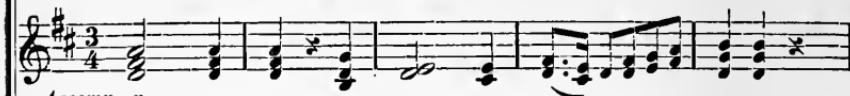
CROWN HIM.

Arr. by F. L. A.

BASS OR ALTO SOLO.

With expression.

1. Je - sus comes, His con - flict o - ver,— Comes to
 2. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed, Now be -

*Accomp. p*

claim His great re - ward; An - gels 'round the
 - comes the Vic - tor's seat; Lo, the Man on



Vic - tor hov - er, Crowd - ing to be - hold their Lord; }
 earth re - ject - ed, An - gels wor - ship at His feet; }



Haste, ye saints your trib - ute bring, Crown Him, crown Him, ev-er-

- last - ing King; Crown Him, crown Him, ev-er - last - ing King.

CHORUS.

Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him our King;

Crown Him, Crown Him, Je - sus our King.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here: Heav'n is my home;
 2. What though the tem - pests rage: Heav'n is my home;

Earth is a des - ert drear: Heav'n is my home;
 Short is my pil - grim - age: Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev' - ry hand,
 And time's wild, win - try blast Soon will be ov - er - past,

Heav'n is my Fa - ther - land,— Heav'n is my home.
 I shall reach home at last— Heav'n is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not:
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand:
 Heaven is my Fatherland,—
 Heaven is my home.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

145

Rev. R. W. TOOD.

HARRY SANDERS. By per.

1. Oh, who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with
 2. Oh, why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the

garments dyed? Oh, tell me now thy name. "I, that saw thy soul's distress, A
 winepress red? Oh, why this bloody tide? "I the winepress trod alone, 'Neath

ran - som gave. I, that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 dark'n-ing skies. Of the people there was none Mighty to save."

REFRAIN. *f* *cres.*

Might-y to save, . . . Might-y to save, . . . Might-y to save,
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

Mighty to save. Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
 How couldst thou bear this shame?
 "With mercy fraught, mine own arm
 Salvation in my name. [brought

I the bloody fight have won:
 Conquered the grave.
 Now the year of joy has come—
 Mighty to save."

1. We shall sweetly rest in thee, O thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry! When our
 2. When temp - ta - tions all are past, When no doubts our faith o'er - cast, When from
 3. When all earthly prospects fail, When we've passed the gloomy vale; When from

rest, sweet-ly rest, We shall sweet-ly rest in thee.

We shall rest, sweetly rest.

CHORUS.

We shall sweet - - - ly rest in thee, O thou

We shall sweet - ly rest in thee, rest in thee!

Lamb of Cal - va - ry; When from all our sorrows

O thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, dear to me:

When from all our sorrows

free, We shall sweet - ly rest in thee.
free, sor - rows free, We shall sweet - ly rest in thee.

THE PROMISE.

Mrs. P. MUNZINGER.
Andante.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. As thy day thy strength shall be, Is the promise giv - en thee
2. As thy day thy strength shall be. Think not what may happen thee!
3. Think'st thou he'll for - get his child Journeying through the dang'rous wild

By thy Father, God and Friend, Who re - lief will ev - er send,
Leave the fu - ture in his care Who guards all things ev' - ry-where,
Of this world's en-tang-ling snares, Toiling 'mid de - press - ing cares?

As in humble fer-vent prayer Thou dost all thy need de - clare.
Guides the earth up - on its way By His u - ni - ver - sal sway.
Ev' - ry day of life thou'l see As thy day thy strength shall be.

HOLD MY HAND.

ANNA MCCLINTOCK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

The author of this beautiful Poem is entirely blind, which makes the theme of these touching lines even more beautiful than if they had been written by one who knew the value of that sight which God has given.

Andante con tenerezza.

1. Fath -er, hold my hand ; For dark-some is the way, And
 2. Fath -er, hold my hand ; For rug - ged is the road, And
 3. Fath -er, hold my hand ; My soul would faint and die If
 4. Fath -er, hold my hand ; And then whate'er shall come, Safe-

through the clouds that veil my path I can - not see the day.
 sin and Sa - tan work - eth hard To keep my soul from God.
 in this des - ert - land of sin Thou, Fa - ther, wert not
 - ly I'll reach my jour - ney's end, And gain sweet rest at home.

Quartette.

1, 2 & 3. I can - not walk a - lone by sight, But with thee, Father, all is light.
 4. I would not walk a - lone by sight, For faith in thee makes darkness light.

MARCHING ON.

149

THOS. H. FERGUSON.

1. We are marching on to reach that happy land. There we'll rest forever on the
 2. Come, dear pilgrim, come: let none be left behind. Come and join in with us that the
 3. It will not be long till we shall reach that shore. There we hope to meet with those who've

bright golden strand. There we all will join the heav'ly blood-washed band In
 road you may find. For the Sa-viour leads us: he is good and kind. He'll
 gone on be-fore. There we'll sit and sing with them for- ev- er- more Ho -

CHORUS.

singing praises to our Lord.
 guide us to our hap-py home. Then come and join us as we're marching, marching
 san-nas to our God and King.

on, marching on, Then come and join us as we're
 marching on, marching on,

march - ing. We will march and sing Hal - le - lu-jah Praise the Lord!

G. C. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Sing a - gain to me of Je - sus,— Pre - cious,
 2. Sing a - gain to me of Je - sus,— Sav - iour

Ho - ly Name; His is love a - bove all oth - ers,
 of my soul; Blest Re - deem - er of thy peo - ple,

Chorus.

Ev - 'ry day the same. } Sing..... a - gain of
 All my thoughts con - trol. } Sing a - gain of

Je - sus, Je - - sus, blessed One! Sing, oh, sing a-
 Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, blessed One!

- gain of Je - sus! God's be - lov - ed Son.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

151

M. E. SERVOSS.

With feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Waiting for Je - sus, and working while I wait; His lab' - rers they are
 2. Waiting for Je - sus, and working while I wait; Sow-ing on hill and
 3. Waiting for Je - sus, and working while I wait; What though the hours seem

few, they are few, So I will work with an earn - est, lov-ing heart, And
 plain; hill and plain; Reap - ing with care all the fruit of earn - est toil, A
 long; hours seem long; Great - er the har - vest I then may garner in, And

CHORUS.

hands that are kind and true. har - vest of gold - en grain. Wait-ing for Je - sus, And
 sweet - er the har - vest song.

working while I wait; Sure-ly my heart is blest; Waiting for Je - sus, and

working while I wait, And then go - ing home to rest.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

In march time.

1. While the first faint hues of morn - ing, Bring a - gain new
 2. Like the first faint hues of morn - ing, Break-ing through the
 3. By the grave of doubt and dark - ness, By the cold and

life and light, Haste the loy - al heart - ed wom - en,
 mid - night gloom, Seems the grave of doubt and dark - ness,
 si - lent tomb, Des - o - late, be - reft, de - spon - dent,

Bowed with sor - row and af - fright; To the grave of
 Seems the now de - sert - ed tomb; As they catch the
 Oft we stand with fear and gloom; But the dawn of

doubt and dark - ness, To their Mas - ter's seal - ed tomb,
 joy - ful tid - ings, Christ, their ris - en Lord draws near,
 Eas - ter morn - ing, On the scene its bright - ness throws,

Read - y long - ing to a - noint Him, With their choice and
 And the bless - ed, glad re - u - nion, Scat - ters all their
 And the hope of glad re - u - nions, Through the seal - ed

CHORUS. *Sempre staccato.*

sweet per - fume. 1-2. Lo the might - y seal is bro - ken,
 gloom and fear.
 fu - ture glows. 3. For the seal of death is bro - ken,

And the joy - ful words they hear; Christ the Cru - ci -
 And the joy - ful words we hear; Christ the Cru - ci -
 -

- fied is ris - en, He is ris - en do not fear.
 - fied is ris - en, He is ris - en do not fear.

A. STEELE.

With feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Thou love - ly Source of true de-light, Whom I un - seen a - dore!

3. But, ah! too soon the pleasing scene Is cloud-ed o'er with pain;

Un - veil Thy beauties to my sight, That I may love Thee more.
My gloom - y fears rise dark between, And I a - gain com - plain.

2. The glo - ry o'er cre - a - tion shines; But in Thy sa - cred word,

4. Jes - us, my Lord, my life, my light! Oh, come with bliss - ful ray;

I read, in fair - er, brighter lines, My bleed-ing, dy - ing Lord.
Break ra-diant thro' the shades of night, And chase my fears a - way.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

155

R. BONAR, D.D.

Solo or Quartette.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Chorus.

1. It is not time that flies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are fly-ing. It
 2. It is not truth that flies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are fly-ing. It
 3. It is not hope that flies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are fly-ing. It
 4. Yet we but die to live, It is from death we're fly-ing. For-

Solo or Quartette.

Chorus.

is not life that dies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are dy-ing. Time and e-ter-ni-
 is not faith that dies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are dy-ing. O ev-er-during
 is not hope that dies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are dy-ing. Ye streams that have in
 ev-er lives our life; For us there is no dy-ing: We die but as the

ty are one; Time is e-ter-ni-ty be-gun; Time changes, but with-
 Faith and Truth, Whose youth is age, whose age is youth, Twin stars of im-mor-
 heav'n your birth, Ye glide in gen-tle joy through earth; We fade like flow'rs be-
 spring-time dies, In summer's golden joy to rise. These be our days of

out de-cay; 'Tis we a lone who pass a-way.
 tal-i-ty, Ye can-not per-ish from the sky.
 side you sown,—Ye are still flow-ing, flow-ing on.
 ver-nal bloom; Our har-vest is be-yond the tomb.

156 OH, THE PURE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

EMMA PITTS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I will com - pass Thine al - tar with songs of thanks-giv - ing;
2. I have trust - ed in Thee, and I rest on Thy prom - ise;

The in - cense of prais - es shall rise un - to Thee;

I build on Thy pow - er with con - fi - dence sure;

With hands that are wash'd in the pure cleans-ing fount - ain,

My Rock of sal - va - tion is firm and a - bid - ing;

With heart full of love for Thy par - don so free.

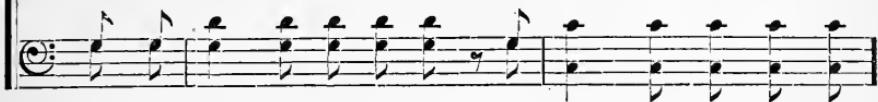
My heart knows no weak - ness Thy strength can - not cure.

OH, THE PURE CLEANSING, ETC.—Con. 157

Chorus.



Oh, the pure cleansing fountain, The free flow - ing fount - ain,



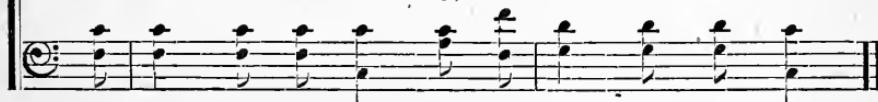
I will wash in the stream that is flow - ing for me;



It shall flow on for - ev - er Like a bright shin - ing riv - er,



The fount - ain of mer - cy, so full and so free.



3 I will publish to all the glad news of salvation ;
Thy wonderful mercy my heart shall indite ;
O refuge, so mighty ! O help, that is cheering !
For the hour that is darkest Thy love is the light.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Firmly.

CHORUS.

3 Standing still is dangerous ever;
Toil is meant for Christians now.
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow.

4 And the Master shall come smiling.
At the setting of the sun,
Saying, as he pays the wages,
"Good and faithful one, well done!"

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

159

A. S. DOUGHTY.
Cheerfully.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. A home in heav'n! what a bliss - ful thought, As we
2. A home in heav'n, where we toil no more, But reign
3. Dear home in heav'n! may we all meet there; With

toil a - long in our wea - ry lot; With heart op - prest and by
with Christ on the gold - en shore. In songs of praise we will
the re-deemed all its glo - ry share; And with the an - gels a -

an - guish riv'n We look from earth to a home in heaven.
there u - nite With the great throng ar - rayed in white.
round the throne For - ev - er dwell in that sweet, sweet home.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly home.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, Waiting for me in the glo - ry-land.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise the Sav-iour, O, ye peo-ple! Praise and bless His ho - ly name;
 2. Praise Him for His might-y ac-tions; Praise Him for His ten-der-ness,

Praise and worship Him; children, worship Him, For a child from heav'n He came;
 When He lov-ing - ly held the lit - tle ones In His arms to save and bless;

Praise Him from the hills and mountains, From the vales and cit - ies
 Praise Him, all ye wise and no - ble, Men and maid - ens, old and
 Praise Him from the From the vales and
 Praise Him, all ye Men and maidens,

CHO.—Praise Him in the sanc - tu - a - ry; Let the chil - - dren swell the

all; Hail Him King of earth and heav - - en, Who was
 young; Let re - deem - - ing love and mer - - cy Be the
 Hail Him King of earth and heav - en,
 Let re-deem-ing love and mer - cy

strain, And at morn, and noon and ev - en, Ech - o

From "Notes of Victory." By per.

PRAISE HIM.—Concluded.

161

once a child, so small; Hail Him King of earth and theme of ey - 'ry tongue; Let re - deem - ing love and Hail Him King of earth and Let re-deeming love and still the sweet re - frain; And at noon, and morn and

heav - en, Who was once a child, so small.
mer - cy Be the theme of ev - 'ry tongue.
heaven,
mer-cy

D.S. Chorus.

e - ven, Ech - o still the sweet re - frain.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Miss F. E. PETTENGILL.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Ex - tol Je - hovah's name! Come, sound abroad His fame, His matchless worth! 'Tis meet that
2. By His all - wise de - cree The earth and sky and sea With all their throng Exist : they

we should sing, Our grate - ful off 'ring bring, For He a - lone is King O'er all the earth!
must ful - fil The work - ings of His will, How in - fi - nite His skill, Praise Him in song!

3 For aye He keepeth truth,
Praise Him, both age and youth
In sweet accord;
The heaven of heavens His throne;
His wisdom, who hath known?
Spreading from zone to zone:
Great is the Lord!

4 A Father's loving care
His needy children share,
His love, how broad!
And all who seek the Right,
He makes His chief delight;
Sing of His sovereign might:
Praise ye the Lord!

GODFREY THRING.

HAYDN.

1. Sa-viour, blessed Sa-viour, List-en whilst we sing, Hearts and voic-es
 2. Nearer, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad-or-
 3. Great and ev-er great-er Are thy mercies here; True and ev-er-

rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer:
 a-tion Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re-demp-tion
 last-ing Are the glo-ries there, Where no pain, or sor-row,

All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it,
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low,
 Toil, or care, is known, Where the an-gel-e-gions

CHORUS.

All we yield to thee. } Sa-viour, bless-ed Sa-viour,
 Hast gone up on high. }
 Cir-cle round thy throne.

Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.

163

EMMA PITTS.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

"Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause: yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified.—Ps. 35, 27.



1. Praise, oh! praise the great Je - ho - vah, Friend of sin - ners, true and tried;
2. Oh, how wide His boundless mer - cy, Mightier still His ten-der love;
3. While the sun shall shine from heaven, Stars in cir - cling orb-its roll,
4. Christ the King is our Re - deem - er, Christ the light of yon-der throne,



Shout for joy, be glad be - fore Him, Let the Lord be mag - ni - fied.
 Say with all the hosts tri-umph-ant, Mag - ni - fy the Lord a - bove.
 Let your notes of praise con-tin - ue, Ech - o wide from pole to pole.
 Glo - ry, hon - or, might, and pow - er, Be to Him, and Him a - lone.



Chorus.

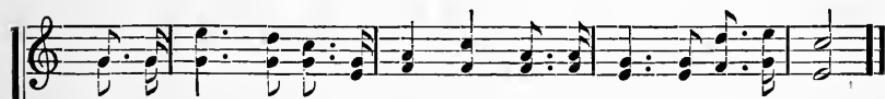


Shout for glad - ness, Ye who love His righteous cause;



Shout for glad-ness,

Ye who love His righteous cause;



Mag - ni - fy His name for - ev - er; Hon - or all His ho - ly laws.



P. J. OWENS.

(INFANT CLASS.)

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

arms our rest. In his truth our treas-ure; In his love our rule.
 dew-drops do. Not too young to praise him, Sing-ing as we come;
 nar - row way. Seek-ing ho - ly treas-ure, Find-ing pre - cious truth;

CHORUS.

Till in him complete; Growing up for Je - sus. Oh, his work is sweet

HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

165

J. BARNBY.

Voices in unison.

3
4

pp

1. Ho - ly night! Peace - ful night! All is dark,
2. Ho - ly night! Peace - ful night! On - ly for
3. Ho - ly night! Peace - ful night! Child of Heav'n,

pp

save the light Yon - der where they sweet vig - ils keep,
shep - herds' sight; Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs,
O! how bright Thou didst smile on us When Thou wast born;

pp

O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav'n-ly,
With their loud Hal - le - lu - jah songs Full of heav'n-ly,
Blest in - deed was that hap - py morn, Full of heav'n-ly,

pp

heav'n - ly peace, Rests in heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly peace.
heav'n - ly joy, Full of heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly joy.
heav'n - ly joy, Full of heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly joy.

GLORY TO GOD.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Not too fast.

1 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! The day of all
 2 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Let heav - en re -
 3 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Let earth, with its
 4 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! His good will and
 5 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! The boun - ti - ful

ADAM GEIBEL.

with spirit.

days A - wak - ens our praise, - The thrice - bless - ed
 sound To its utter - most bound With an - them of
 hills, Its val - leys and rills, Re - ech - o His
 peace To men will not cease: The church lifts her
 Lord, - The Fa - ther, the Word, The Spir - it, - whose

morn When Je - sus was born, - The name that the
 praise Both now and al - ways, While ser - aph to
 praise Both now and al - ways, While moun - tain to
 voice While an - gels re - joice, And her song with
 praise Both now and al - ways On the wings of

Refrain.

church glo - ri - fi - eth: } ser - aph re - pli - eth, } moun - tain - top cri - eth, } the seraph-im's vi - eth. } in - fin - ity fli - eth: }

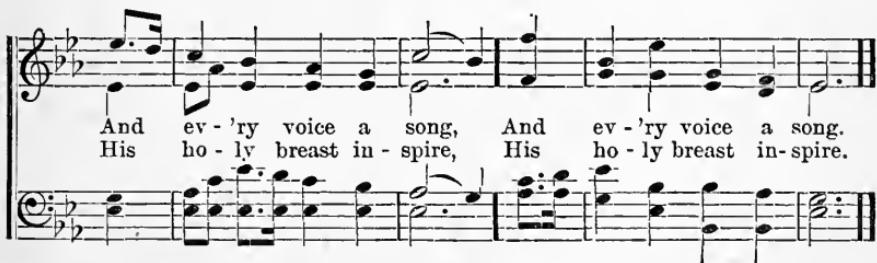
Glo - ry to God!



CHRISTMAS.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

G. F. HANDEL.



3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovéd name.

RING, RING, YE BELLS.

ANNA MCCLINTOCK.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Ring, ring, ye bells, in chim-ings sweet, This is a time for
 2. Ring, ring, ye bells, o'er earth and sea Pro-claim the year of
 3. Ring, ring, ye bells, His love pro-claim, Tell how our mighty



joy most meet; All na - ture, lift your voice and sing; Ring,
 ju - bi - lee; Ye na - tions, all u - nite and sing The
 Sav - iour came; He came e - ter - nal life to bring; Ring,



ring, ye bells, tri - umph - ant ring. For un - to us, this
 prais - es of our new - born King; All hail Thou bless - ed
 ring, ye bells, ex - ult - ant ring. We'll shout a - loud the



joy - ful morn, A bless - ed, ho - ly child is born: Hark,
 Prince of Peace, Thy reign shall nev - er, nev - er cease: Break
 Sav - iour's name Un - til it sets all hearts a - flame: All



RING, RING, YE BELLS.—Concluded. 169

peace, good will, the an - gels sing. Ring, hap - py bells, Ring
forth ye worlds, break forth and sing. Ring, joy - ous bells, More
hal - le - lu - jah to our King. Ring, joy - ous bells, Tri -

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The lyrics are: "peace, good will, the an-gels sing. Ring, hap-py bells, Ring forth ye worlds, break forth and sing. Ring, joy-ous bells, More hal-le-lu-jah to our King. Ring, joy-ous bells, Tri-". The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Chorus.

Bell,

ring, ye bells, ring, ring,

Ring, ring, ring,

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in G major and the bottom line is in C major. The lyrics 'ring, ye bells, ring, ring,' are repeated twice, followed by 'Ring, ring, ring,'

Ring, bell, ring, O ring, tri- um - phant ring.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in treble clef and the bottom line is in bass clef. The lyrics 'Ring, bell, ring, O ring, tri-um-phant ring.' are written below the notes. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Repeat last strain very softly.

W. C. DIX.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The
 2. Now a new pow'r on the earth has come, To
 3. Faith sees no lon - ger the sta - ble floor, The

stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the cit - y of
 save us all from Hell; The prom - is'd Mes - si - ah is
 sap - phire pave is there; The clear light of heav - en streams

God ring out, For the world's Re - deem - er is born to - night, The
 born to - night 'Tis our bless - ed Sav - iour, Im - man - u - el! This
 on the world: While ce - les - tial chor - is - ters fill the air; And

Ritard.

gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light.
 new-born Son is the mighty One Whom prophets of old fore - tell.
 heav'n and earth, o'er the spot - less birth Are peace - ful this night so fair.

Bells ad lib.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

171

WM. AUSTIN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. "Peace on earth" the an - gels sing, Nev - er was such
 2. Wake, O earth, wake ev - 'ry - thing, Wake and hear the
 3. Hail! O Sun, O bless - ed Light Sent in - to this



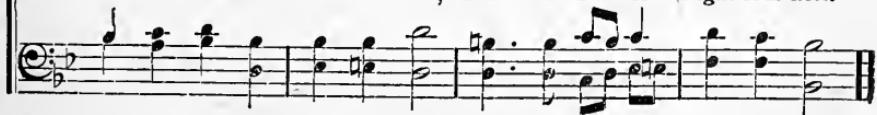
car - ol - ing. Hark! a voice which loud-ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals
 joy I bring; Wake and joy; for all this night Heav'n and ev - 'ry
 world by night; Let Thy rays and heav'nly pow'rs, Shine in these dark



wake and rise! Lo, to glad - ness turns your sad - ness
 twinkling light, All a - maz - ing, still stand gaz - ing;
 souls of ours For most du - ly Thou art tru - ly



From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shin - ing bright tho' day be done.
 An - gels, pow'rs and all that be Wake! and joy this Sun to see.
 God and Man we do con - fess, Hail! O Sun of Right-eous-ness.



Mrs. HERNAMAN.

ALFRED REDHEAD.
Arr. for this work.

CHORUS.

Haste we to greet Him ly-ing to - day In a poor sta-ble

FINE. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. You who are wealth- y, come worship Him low,
all on the hay. 2. You who are poor, His deep pov-er - ty see,
3. Un - to the wealth- y is whispering the Child:

Je -sus the King in hu - mil - i - ty know; He it is ru-leth the
Poor-er than you would your dear Master be; No cottage home now may
"Say would ye find Me so gen - tle and mild; I am the poor, still in

D.C. for Chorus.

cit - y on high, Prince of the an - gels and Lord of the sky!
shel-ter His head, On - ly a man - ger for Him in a shed.
them I have need, Na - ked and hun - gry, then clothe me and feed."

4 Unto the poor He so tenderly cries:

"Yours are the riches stored up in the skies;
In those bright mansions on high ye shall live,
Angels are waiting their welcome to give."—CHORUS.

5 Both unto rich and poor, one is the call,

Worship and love Him who loveth us all;
So when He comes in His glory again,

We, made like Jesus, with Jesus shall reign.—CHORUS.

PROCLAIM THE STORY.

173

Rev. G. W. DRUCE.

Joyously.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Shades of si - lent night di - vid - ing, Bursts the glo - ry from a - bove;
 2. Heav'n will guard their flocks from danger Scatter'd o'er the moist green sward,
 3. Not a - lone do men un - learned Bow the Ho - ly Child be - fore;

Down the stream of brightness glid-ing, Comes the mes - sen - ger of love:
 While the swains to Bethl'm's man-ger, Hie to greet their new-born Lord.
 Sa - ges, who for truth long yearned Heav'n's true sun at length a - dore.

To the shepherds low - ly tell - ing Of the Christ ex - pect-ed long;
 Awe and love ma - ter - nal blending, Fill the bless-ed Vir-gin's heart;
 So our songs pro - claim a sto - ry, Kings of old have longed to know;

While the sud - den an - them swelling, Fills the glow-ing heav'n with song.
 While with rev'-rent ges - ture bend-ing, Kneel these humble men a - part.
 Tell of Christ, the Prince of Glo - ry, Born this night for high and low.

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O we love the bless-ed sto - ry, Sto-ry of the long a - go;
 2. How we love to think it o - ver, Loveto pic-ture out the sight,
 3. List-en ! with us, lit - tle sing-ers, Near at home, and far a - way,

D.C. We will tell the christ-mas sto - ry, In our ser- vice and our song;

FINE.

Of the wise men and their shep-herds, Seeking Him with all their might!
 Praise Him with their hap-py voi - ces, Hymn their christmas songs to - day.

For He is the children's Sav-iour, And our lips to Him be - long!

Tho' we are the lit - tle children, We have learn'd it with de - light,
 And we won - der at the shin-ing, Of the star, so clear and strong,
 Would that all the lit - tle children, Thro' this world, His love could know,

And our youthful lips re - peat it, In a hap - py song to - night.
 Wonder at the ho - ly an - gels, Ringing out their midnight song.
 Could re-peat the christmas sto - ry, Sto-ry of the long a - go.

GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH. 175

J. CAWOOD.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound-ing
 2. "Peace on earth, good - will from hea - ven, Reach - ing far as

through the skies? Sure th'an-gel - ic host re-joic - es, Loud- est hal - le - man is found; Souls re-deem'd, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en

- lu-jahs rise. Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy: harpsshall sound. "Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heav'n and earth His glory sing:

"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high. Glad re-ceive whom God ap-point - ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

Play melody on Bells an Octave higher.

CHORUS.

Ring, ye bells, the wondrous sto - ry, Ring o'er mountain-top and plain;

Sing, ye mor - tals, and a - dore Him! Christ hath come in peace to reign.

M. E. SERVOSS.

GEO. C. HUGG.

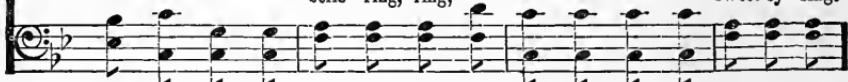
Semi Chorus before each stanza.

Sprightly.

Oh ! ring, ye mer - ry bells, And sing, ye children, sing : Oh,
bells ring, ring, sweet-ly sing :



ring, ye mer - ry bells, And sing, ye chil-dren, sing.
bells ring, ring, sweet-ly sing.



1 Sing how the an - gels came by night, To shep-herds on the plain,
2 Sing how the wise men from a - far Brought gold and in-cense sweet,
3 Sing how He came from sin to save A world of sin-ners lost,



How flood - ed by the heav'n-ly light, They heard the ho - ly strain,
And guid - ed by His ra-diant star Laid them at Je - sus' feet ;
How thro' dis - hon - or and the grave The riv - er Death was crossed ;



Pro-claim-ing that the Christ was come, The Lord of heav'n and earth ;
How 'round the man - ger, kneel-ing low, With hoar - y head and wise,
And now up - on His heav'nly throne He in - ter-cedes to give





As in one glad tri-umph-ant song They sang of Je - sus' birth.
They worshiped at the in - fant feet Of Him who rules the skies.
Free par - don to each trust-ing soul, That it thro' Him may live.



* Chorus.



Then ring, ye mer - ry bells, And sing, ye children, sing; For
bells ring, ring, sing to - day;



Christ the Lord rules o - ver all, Of heav'n and earth the King;



Then ring out, mer - ry bells, And sing, ye children, sing; For
ring, ring, sing, sing,



Christ the Lord rules o - ver all, Of heav'n and earth the King.



HE IS RISEN.

A. ARUNDEL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Spirited.

1 See the seal is rude-ly bro - ken! Lo! the stone is rolled a - way!
 2 Lo! the tomb is standing o - pen, And the Marys weep-ing near,
 3 Hark! the joy - ful tid - ings ringeth, Christ hath triumphed o'er the grave!



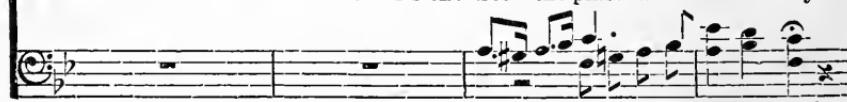
Kept is ev' - ry sign and tok - en; "He is ris - en!" an - gel s say.
 An - gel tones within are spoken: "He is ris - en, do not fear!"
 Joy to all His foll'wers bringeth, Christ hath ris - en! — lives to save!



Chorus.



"He is ris - en!" "He is ris - en!" See the place where Je - sus lay!



See the place where Jesus lay!



An - gels her - ald the glad tidings: Christ, the Lord, arose to - day!

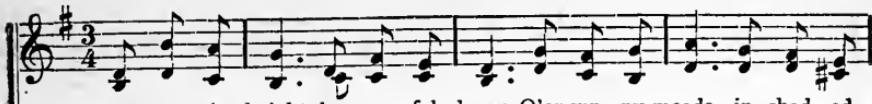


SWEET EASTER BELLS.

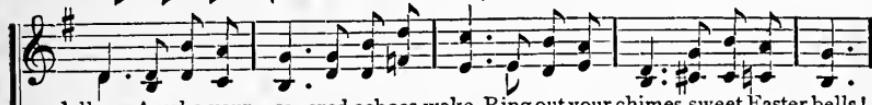
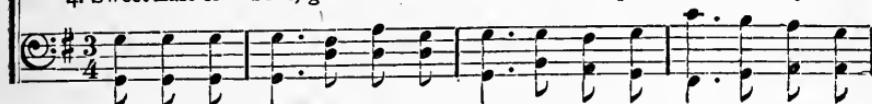
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Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

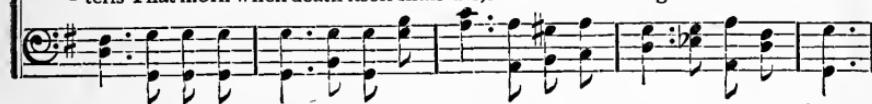
GEO. C. HUGG.



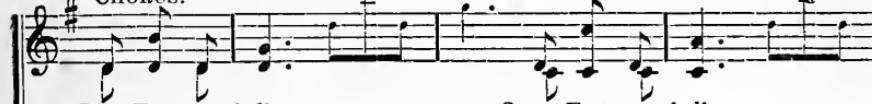
1. On mountains height, by peace-ful shores, O'er sun - ny meads, in shad - ed
2. Let hum - ble fane and loft - y dome Each an - swer each in tune - ful
3. The orb of day His course pur - sues, And in His path all shade dis -
4. Sweet East-er bells, glad East-er bells Your li - quid mel - o - dy fore -



dells:—Awake, your sa - cred echoes, wake, Ring out your chimes, sweet Easter bells!
 swells: O'er ev - 'ry tem - ple to His praise, Ring loud and clear, sweet Easter bells!
 - pels:—With Him encircling earth a - round—Ring out, ring out sweet Easter bells!
 - tells That morn when death itself shall die, And heaven rings sweet Easter bells!



CHORUS.



Ring, East - er bells,

Sweet East - er bells,



Your mu - sic tells

Of Him who



laid death's reign a - side Who leads to life that shall a - bide,

Small notes may be played on bells *ad libitum*.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

mf Firmly and brightly.

Rev. CAREY BONNER.

1. We have soft - ly slum - bered Safe from cold and storm, 'Neath our winter
 2. Now our bold ad - vance guard Here and there are found: We must hasten to
 3. Yes, the hosts are com - ing Soon to take command, Then shall waste and

cres - - - - - cen - - - - -

wrappings Nes - tled snug and warm:—Now the spring ad - vanc - ing
 join them On their van - tage ground. We must clothe all na - ture
 wild-wood Bloom like E - den land. When we sleep or wak - en

*do.**ff*

O'er the hills of light, Wakes us by her sum-mons, *For-ward, in your might.*
 In a liv - ing green, Touch with life and beau - ty Each fa - mil - iar scene.
 They are drawing near, But their march of pro - gress None but God can hear.

CHORUS. *March style, in strict time.*

Break-ing, wak-ing from winter's slumber We will an - swer our commander's call,

Marching onward, with our mighty for - ces, We shall gain dominion o - ver all.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

181

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

WORGAN.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - - - le - - -
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - - - le - - -

- lu - jah! Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - - le - - -
 - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the vict'ry won; Hal - - - le - - -

- lu - jah! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Hal - - - le - - -
 - lu - jah! Je - sus' ag - o - ny is o'er, Hal - - - le - - -

- lu - - - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - - - ply;.....
 - lu - - - jah! Dark - ness veils the earth no more....

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids him rise,
 Christ has opened paradise.

4. Hal - - - le - lu - - jah!

Lives again our glorious King!
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once He died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

EASTER BELLS.

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL.

Joyously.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Ring, bells, ring out the sto - ry Of our ris - en Lord and King,
2. Ring, bells, in joy - ous cho - rus, Give the wait-ing na - tions cheer,
3. Ring, bells,your sweetest mu - sic, Christ our King ascends on high,
4. Ring, bells, He ev - er liv - eth, Lives and reigns with God a - bove,



He hath despiled the spoil - er, Glad - ly now His prais- es ring.
 Join all our hearts and voi - ces, Christ is ris - en, do not fear.
 A - gain in clouds He com - eth, Je - sus lives and death shall die.
 Ring loud and clear His tri - umphs, God is mer - cy, God is love.



CHORUS.



Ring! ring! East-er bells! Ring! ring! East-er bells! Ring! ring!



Sweet-est prais-es to our Ris - en King;

Ring! ring!



* Small notes for bells.



Easter bells! Ring! ring! ring! ring! Praises to our Risen King!

SAVED BY GRACE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.



1. Sav'd by grace, oh, blessed tid - ings, Won-der - ful His love to show,
 2. Sav'd by grace, oh, blessed tid - ings, Je - sus drank the cup for me,
 3. Sav'd by grace, oh, blessed tid - ings, Hap - py he who can re - peat,
 4. Sav'd by grace, I'll sing for - ev - er, Tell the wondrous news a - broad,



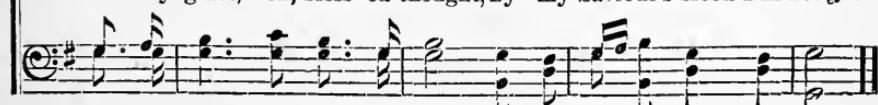
Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion To the per - ish - ing be - low,
 Bow'd His head and cried "Tis fin-ished!" Now my soul is count - ed free.
 Who can sing redemptions sto - ry, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet.
 Spread the gos - pel tid - ings ev - er, "Worthy is the Lamb of God.



CHORUS.



Sav'd by grace, oh, bless - ed thought, By my Saviour's blood I'm bought.



LAURA E. NEWELL

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Hail glorious day so long fore - told, With joy we greet thy light;
 2. Dear Je-sus, source of life and love, To Thee our songs as - cend;
 3. And when at last Thy wel-come voice, Shall soft - ly bid us "Come;"

Our hearts are all at - tuned to praise For earth seems glad and bright,
 Thou art to us a guid-ing star, Our el - der broth - er, Friend,
 Then shall our trusting hearts re - joice, To hear Thy "welcome home,"

To - day among the choirs of heaven Break forth the sweet re - train;
 This earth would be a drear - y waste, A wild - er - ness of pain;
 And in that bless-ed home a - bove, We'll join the sweet re - train;

Praise to the Lord of Par - a - dise, Who died, but rose a - gain.
 But for the peace and love of Him, Who died, but rose a - gain.
 And all our praise to Thee be giv'n, Who died, and rose a - gain.

CHORUS.

Hail glo - rious Eas - ter day! Hail glo - rious Eas - ter day!

Hail Glorious Easter Day.—Concluded. 183

That saw our Sav-iour burst the tomb, And deaths des - pot - ic sway.

Our Sav-iour slept, while Mar - y wept But rose this bless - ed day.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber- ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My native country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Our father's God, to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

SOLO.*

I. On the sa - cred page we read "Christ the Lord is ris'n in - deed."
 2. Pow'r a-bove and pow'r be-low Must the Ris - en Sav - iour know:
 3. They who in His love be-lieve Life, e - ter - nal life, re - ceive;

Let us bear the joy - ful sound All the wait - ing earth a - round.
 Praise Him then in joy - ous strains, Praise Him, for He lives and reigns.
 Let us then His prom - ise claim, And re - joice in His dear name.

CHORUS. *ff*

Chil - dren, come, your trib - ute bring, Young and old, His tri - umphs sing,
 Earth and heav'n His won - der tell, Praise the great Im - man - u - el.

* Treble or Tenor, alternately.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

187

ADAM GEIBEL.

Andante quasilento.

Sheet music for 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' featuring three stanzas. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The first stanza begins with the lyrics 'Jesus, Lov - er of my soul,'. The second stanza begins with 'Let me to thy bo - som fly,'. The third stanza begins with 'wa - ters roll,'. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul,

Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

Soprano Solo.

Sheet music for the soprano solo section of 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul'. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics 'Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide,' are sung. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

188 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Continued.

a tempo.

cres.



Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!



Alto Solo.



Oth-er ref- uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:



Leave, ah, leave me not a lone. Still support and comfort me!



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded. 189

mf piu animato.

All my trust on thee is stay'd: All my help from
thee I bring. Cov - er my de - fence - less head

tempo l'mo.

With the shad - ow of thy wing. Je - sus,
Je - sus, Lov - er,

piu lento.

Lov-er of my soul, of my soul,
Let me to thy bo - som fly.

rit.

Let me to thy bo - som fly.

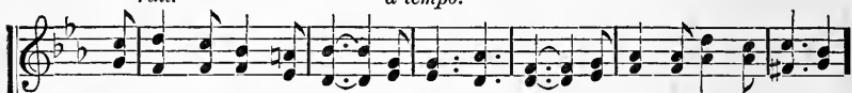
GLAD ANGEL VOICES.

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL.

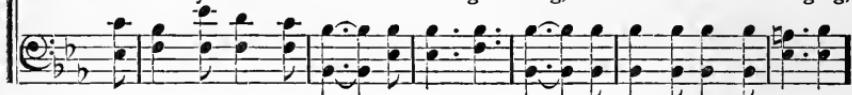
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. On dew - y plain where shepherds were a-bid - ing Be-side their flocks,
 2. In low - ly stall a new-born Babe was sleeping, While dumb, meek kine
 3. O star - lit night, how sweet thy mu-sic ring - ing! How blest the truth,

*rall.**a tempo.*

with ten-der, watchful eye; Awoke the song, the still, night air di-vid-ing,
 un-heeding stand a-round, A mother's love her watchful vig-ils keeping
 the sto - ry of His birth! O an - gel throng, thro' heaven's arches winging,



CHORUS.



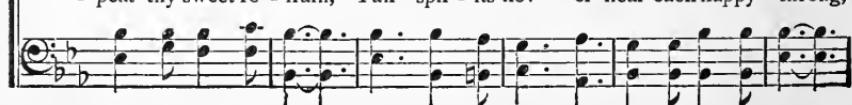
The song of an - gels rang thro' the star - lit sky. } Glad an - gel
 While thro' the night air glad an - gel voi - ces sound. } Glad an - gel
 May the grand cho - rus re - ech - o round the earth!

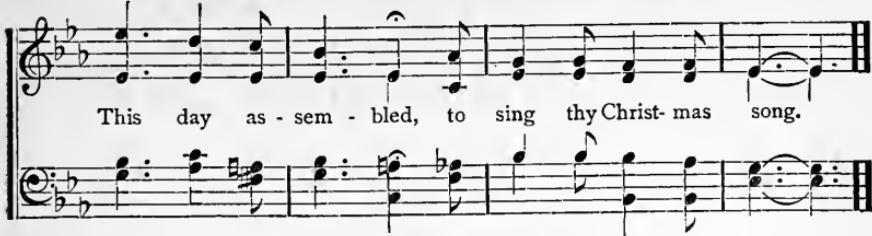


voi - ces from thy do - main, Strike thy full cho - rus, re -



- peat thy sweet re - frain, Fair spir - its hov - er near each happy throng,





WELCOME SONG.

Voices in unison.

GOUNOD.

1. Wel - come, day of bless - ing! Peace and joy thy mo - ments bring,
 2. Car - ol, men and maid - ens! With the an - gels sound His praise.
 3. On - ward, bear His stan - dard! Spread the triumphs of His name!
 4. Crown Him, then ye peo - ple Crown the Saviour, Prince of Peace!

Wel-come, day of gladness! Round the earth may thy praises ring.
 Car - ol, youth and children, In full cho - rus your voi - ces raise.
 Up - ward, lift the ban - ner, And the for - ces of e - vil shame.
 Crown Him, O ye na - tions For His kingdom shall still in - crease!

ff This day is the prom-ise seal'd, This day is the love of God reveal'd,

Over Bethlehem, the Angel voices sing, The birthday of our King.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Spirited.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the

high - est, in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high- est, in the

Slower.

high - est! On earth peace, goodwill to men, On earth peace, goodwill to men

a tempo.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the

high - est, For un - to you is born this day in the cit - y of

Rit.

Da - vid, A Sav- iour which is Christ, which is Christ the Lord !

a tempo.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the

Rit.

high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - - est!

194 CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Allegro.

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say,

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re-ply.

Solo or Quartette.

Andante.

Love's re-deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won:

Je-sus, ag-o-ny is o'er, Dark-ness veils the earth no more;

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell.

ORG.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.—Con. 195

dim. *cres.* *ORG.*

Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Christ has o- pen'd par - a - dise.

dim. *p* *ORG.* *off*

Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Christ hath o - pen'd par - a - dise.

Tempo primo.

"Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say,

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply.

Faster.

1 2 *Very slowly.*

Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah A-men; - lu-jah, A - men.

G. C. H.

Arr. from BERTHOLD TOURS.

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! And hath conquered the

grave; Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! And hath conquered the grave;

Then break forth in - to sing - ing, Then break forth in - to sing - ing,

Then break forth in - to sing - ing, ye peo - - ple!

HALLELUJAH, CHRIST IS RISEN.—Concluded.197

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath ris - en in-

-deed! Re - joice! Re - joice! Christ is ris - en in - deed!

Sing, ye peo - ple, in loud anthems of praise, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is

ris - en! is ris - en triumphant o'er death and the grave! A - MEN.

D.S. FINE.

"I WAS GLAD."

Words arr. by P. P.

Music by PEMBERTON PIERCE

Allegro Chorus.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they



said un - to me: Let us go in - to the house of the Lord;



I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said unto me:



Let us go in - to the house, the house of the Lord.

*rit.*

"I WAS GLAD."—Continued.

199

DUETT. SOPRANO & ALTO.

mf Allegretto.

Our feet shall stand with - in thy gates O Je -

- ru - sa-lem pray for the peace, for the

peace of Je - ru - sa-lem pray for the

peace for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, - lem,

They shall pros - per, shall pros - per that

Rit.

love thee, they shall pros - per that love thee.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Moderato.

Peace, peace, peace be with-in thy walls, and pros -

- per - i - ty, pros - per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces, pros -

- per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces.

FULL CHORUS.

Allegro.

f

Sing prais - es, sing prais - es Ho -

"I WAS GLAD."—Concluded.

201

- san - na, Ho - san - na To the Lord, Je - ho - vah

for his good-ness and mer - ey, For He hath

com - fort- ed, hath com - fort - ed his peo - - ple.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men; Hal - le -

- lu - jah, A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

GEO. C. HUGG.

INTRO.



Christ is ris - en, In - deed ! Christ is ris - en, In - deed ! Christ is ris- en, Christ is.

ritard.

ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Is ris - en from the dead:

Female Voices.

And be-come the first fruits of them that sleep ; And be-come the first

fruits of them that sleep : And be-come the first fruits of

CHRIST IS RISEN!—Concluded.

203

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of a soprano melody with lyrics: 'them that sleep: The first fruits, the first fruits of them that'. The piano accompaniment features a harmonic progression with chords in G major and G minor. The vocal part includes a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns, and the piano part includes sustained notes and harmonic changes.

them that sleep: The first fruits, the first fruits of them that

A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in treble clef, the bottom in bass clef. The key signature changes from G major to F major. The lyrics 'sleep, The first fruits, The first fruits of them that sleep.' are written below the notes. The score ends with a 'ritard.' instruction and a dotted line.

sleep, The first fruits, The first fruits of them that sleep.

a tempo.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time. The bottom part is in bass clef, C major, and 2/4 time. The vocal line 'Christ is risen, In-deed!' is repeated three times in a call-and-response style. The first two repetitions are in the treble clef part, and the third is in the bass clef part. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Christ is ris- en, *In-deed!* Christ is ris - en, *In -deed!* Christ is ris - en, Christ is

ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris- en, Is ris - en from the dead.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is in common time and the bottom staff is in 2/4 time. The key signature is one flat. The score consists of two measures of music, with measure 3 starting on the next page.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men. . .

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The vocal part begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part features sustained notes and chords. The vocal line includes a dynamic instruction 'f' (fortissimo) and a fermata over the eighth note of the first measure.

* Choral from Stainer.

ALL'S RIGHT! ALL'S RIGHT!

WESLEY STRETCH.

PEMBERTON PIERCE

p

1. What if a - cross my wea - ry feet The bil - lows of the death-stream
 2. What if earth's songs to me are still,—Lo! sweeping from yon heav'nly
 3. What if be -neath the Jordan's spray, Mine eyes see not the foaming
 4. And, midst the splendors of that clime, Where bliss a-bides with love sub-

beat, A - far I see the em' - rald shore, Where life's en -
 hill, I hear the harp - ers loud pro - claim Their an - them
 ray; I feel the clasp of Je - sus' hand; I soon shall
 - lime, I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And this dear

throned for ev - er more; A - far I see the em' - rald shore, Where
 to Immanuel's Name! I hear the harpers loud pro - claim Their
 tread the heav'nly land; I feel the clasp of Je - sus' hand; I
 truth with joy re - peat; I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And

life's enthroned for ev - er more.
 anthems to Immanuel's Name! } "All's right! All's right!"

soon shall tread the heav'nly land.
 this dear truth with joy re - peat:

p

SUFFER THE CHILDREN.

205

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Are an - y too young, an - y too young To be brought to the
2. Are an - y too old, an - y too old To be brought to the
3. Need an - y one fear, an - y one fear To be brought to the
4. Let ev - 'ry one come, ev - 'ry one come, And be brought to the

Saviour to - day? Are an - y so young, an - y so young That he'll
 Saviour to - day? Are an - y so old, an - y so old That he'll
 Saviour to - day? Need an - y one fear, an - y one fear That he'll
 Saviour to - day; Let ev - 'ry one come, ev - 'ry one come To the

CHORUS.

turn them in sor - row a - way? Suf - fer the chil - dren to
 send them for - ev - er a - stray?
 hear not the pen - i - tent pray?
 life - giv - ing One while they may.

come un - to me, Suf - fer the children to come un - to me, For of

such, of such will the kingdom of heav - en be.

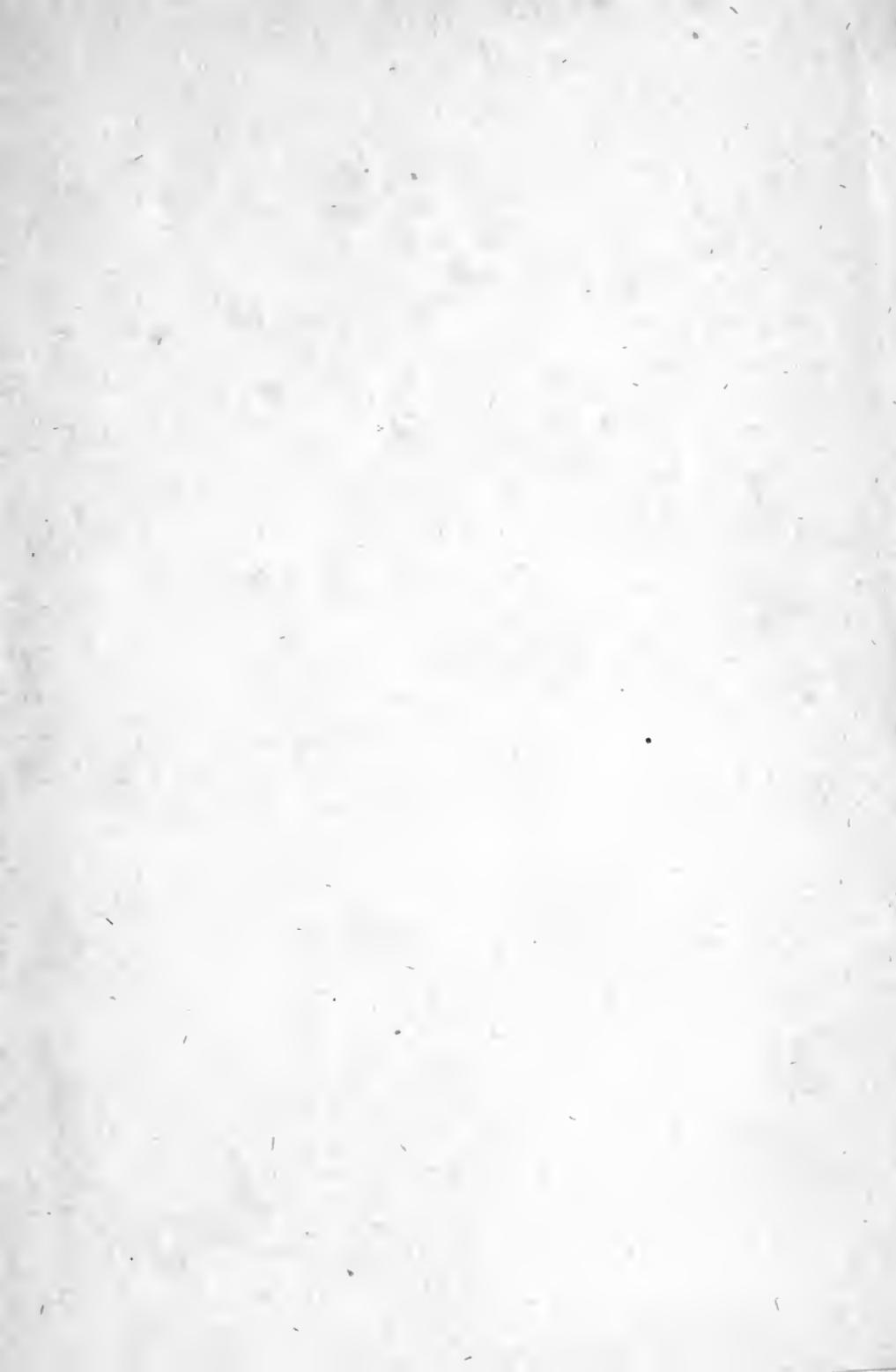
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